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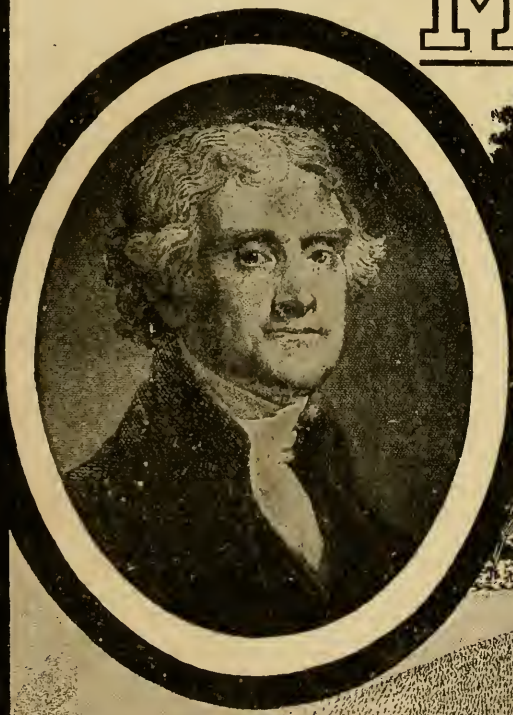

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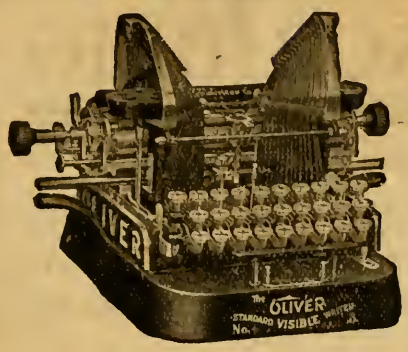

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A Gold Brick

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

The Story of the South and West

Chapter XVI.

WHY were no white women in Virginia, during the first few years of the existence of the colony? They formed a portion of the lost Roanoke colony: they went with the Puritans to New England: they were with the Dutch, on the Hudson: they were in the Spanish settlement of old St. Augustine. Their absence from Virginia, in the original planting, is not easily explained. John Esten Cook, in his delightful "Virginia," offers the explanation, that the first-comers were adventurers who had no intention of remaining. But where is the evidence to support such a theory? Every bit of the testimony handed down to us, proves that they *did* intend to remain. They *came,* as permanent settlers; built houses, for permanent residences; cleared the land, like permanent farmers; built a brick church, like permanent parishioners; and opened up commerce with the mother country, like permanent exporters. Even the rover-natured Captain John Smith appears to have had no thought of returning to England, until after he had blown his legs to pieces, by carelessly smoking on a bag of gunpowder.

The fact would seem to be that, the promoters of the enterprise selected young, unmarried men, without the foresight to realize that they could not make *homes* without wives.

Sir Edwin Sandys was wise enough to act differently. He managed—we are not told how—to secure 90 young women, who were willing to go out, from England to Virginia, on the prospect of being blessed at once with home and husband. We are earnestly assured that these maidens were, indeed, maids, which may very possibly have been the case. And then, again, it may not have been. Sir Edwin was a man of the world; and he knew very well, that those "stags," out in Virginia, would not be apt to inquire, with severity, into the past of those healthy, good-looking young women.

The maidens were shipped across the ocean to be sold at 120 pounds of tobacco, apiece. (Tobacco was the money of the colonists, as beads had been that of the Indians.)

The maidens were duly disembarked at Jamestown, and the bachelors all flocked to the market, to buy wives. It was a queer wooing. No girl was under coercion. She was expected, and expecting, to wed somebody, right away, but she

had her freedom of choice. In a very short while, the men found their partners, paid down the price, went through the marriage ceremony, and returned to their homes, happy husbands. We are told that this experiment was so entirely satisfactory that another ship-load of London maids was sent over, to be disposed of in like manner.

Against the vehement protest of the colonists, King James had contributed a cargo of convicted felons to Virginia. Then, there were the "indented servants," men who had sold their liberty and their labor, for a fixed period, to repay the cost of the passage out. There were gangs of men in London who "beat up recruits," and sold them off to the colonies where they were resold at a large advance. Prisoners of war, taken in the civil strife in England, were shipped to Virginia, into slavery. So late as 1685, the "rebels" who supported the Duke of Monmouth against his uncle, James II. were sold into servitude in Virginia. Finally, there was the black slave—20 of them, at first—who arrived by way of the Dutch vessel, August 1619.

There are curious speculators who claim that "the poor white trash" of the South are the descendants of the felons and the indented servants of colonial times. The suggestion is more quaint than probable.

* * * *

We are told that Opecancannough was engaged four years in maturing his plot to massacre the whites. *This would make the plan of revenge coincident with the beginning of English outrages on the Red-skins.*

While Powhatan was alive, Indians were not plundered of their corn, *by force*: they were not driven from their villages and clearings. They were not butchered, in cold blood, for not producing a disputed tribute. Captain Smith had indeed been ruthless, on one or two occasions; but it was after he had offered to trade, and when he had to procure food, or starve.

Powhatan had abdicated, and his brother, Ochitaplan, had succeeded. He had either been slain in battle, or had been deposed by Opecancannough. Soon afterwards, the whites began their continual encroachments and brutalities, without a suspicion that reprisal might fall upon them.

But Opecancannough deeply plotted, patiently forged link after link of his plan, which was, that certain Indians would attack each town, plantation and hundred, at the same hour, on the same day.

Once again, a friendly Indian saved the whites from total extirpation. Warning was given to Jamestown, and many other points; and the consequence was that they were not even assaulted. But in the outlying settlements, there was murder, grim and great—murder that spared neither age nor sex—murder that recked not of past friendships and favors. In all, 347 of the whites were done to death.

We are told that the Red man who saved the colony lived with "a Mr. Pace:" we are not even told what his own name was, nor that his invaluable service met with either appreciation or reward. He comes upon the scene, from obscurity: he risks his life to save those who are pillaging and butchering his own race: he does a great

humanitarian service; and he sinks into unfathomable obscurity, again.

Of course, the whites wreaked a terrible vengeance upon the Reds. They were hunted like wild beasts. They were slaughtered when found. *By law,* it was made the duty of the settlers "to fall on" the near-by Indians, and destroy them.

When tidings of these fearful deeds reached England, there was a sensation. It was one of the declared purposes of the London Company to convert the children of the wilderness to Christianity. Instead, the colonists were exterminating them. King James made this one of his charges against the Company, whose Charter he attacked in the courts with a *Quo Warranto* proceeding.

In the end, the Charter was annulled, 1624. The Company was ordered to deliver its records to the Privy Council. This was done; but not until Nicholas Ferrar had secretly had them copied.

Ferrar delivered the copy to Southampton, from whose executors it was bought by the father of William Byrd, of Virginia. From his estate, it passed to Peyton Randolph, at whose "sale," Thomas Jefferson purchased it—and Congress bought the precious document, in buying Jefferson's Library.

The original has never been found. King James no doubt had it destroyed.

After the Massacre of March 22, 1622, the reduction of the surviving Indians to slavery was very seriously considered. The Virginians knew that the Roman Catholic Spaniards had set the example, in the West Indies—where the ungrateful and unscrupulous Christopher Columbus had introduced a hideous system under whose barbarities the native tribes quickly perished. But in Virginia, the idea was never more than a subject of discussion. However, the Indians were, in some places, exterminated; and it became a common practice for the whites to rob the Red men of their corn, and to burn their towns. Many of the hunted wretches must have died of cold and hunger, to say nothing of those who were wantonly shot.

In May, 1622, twenty ships came from England, bringing 1,300 people and 80 head of cattle. We read with interest that King James sent the colonists some arms from the Tower of London, and "lent them 40 barrels of powder." Still more curious is the detail that Lord St. John, of Basing, "gave them sixty coats of mail."

I must admit that this statement, in the "Ramsay's United States" came as a surprise. Later historians make no mention of the fact that the English soldiers were almost perfectly protected from Indian arrows, by metallic coats of armor. It seems to me that this is the explanation of *why* the Virginia Indians were apparently such poor fighters. We know well-enough that in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Texas, the Plains, etc., *where the whites had no armor on,* the Red men were hard to conquer. When numbers were equal, and the fighting on an equal footing, the Indians often got the best of it. In fact, the Ricahecrians, of the Virginia mountains fought a pitched battle, with unarmored white troops, near the present site of Richmond, and gave them a bloody defeat. (This was in 1656.)

Every one of the current histories state that the General Asembly continued to meet from year to year. Prof. John Fiske—who was cocky on all subjects—asserts roundly that, "As the situation was left by the death of James, so it remained without essential change until 1776. The House of Burgesses remained undisturbed," etc.

John Esten Cooke, in his "Virginia," makes virtually the same statement, although he mentions that the records, from 1623 to 1628, cannot be found. He surmises that they were lost. They never existed.

When Charles I. succeeded James, in March, 1625, he immediately adopted the policy of absolutism, toward his Virginia colony. *The House of Burgesses was not convened.* Dr. David Ramsay says:

"Charles I. * * * adopted his father's maxims with respect to the colony of Virginia. He declared it to be a part of the empire, annexed to the crown, and immediately subordinated to its jurisdiction. He conferred on Sir George Yeardly the title of Governor; and appointed him, in conjunction with a council of twelve, and a Secretary, to exercise supreme authority; and enjoined them to conform, in every point, to such instructions, from time to time, as he might send them. From the tenor of the King's commission, as well as from the known spirit of his policy, it is apparent that he meant to invest every power of government, both executive and legislative, in the Governor and Council, without recourse to the representatives of the people. Virginia knew no other law than the will of the sovereign. Statutes were published, and taxes imposed, without once calling the representatives of the people to authorize them."

Not only were the Virginians deprived of Home Rule, but they were deprived of freedom of trade. Their only money-crop, tobacco, must be sold to no one but the King! This monopoly was created by proclamation.

Before this establishment of despotic rules, there had been a Governor, Sir Thomas Wyatt, who is described by some historians as the first appointee of King Charles. Others say that he was the last of the Company's Governors. At any rate, he is given nothing more than a chronological mention, whereas he deserves considerable attention.

An old manuscript preserved by the Earl of Southampton, and passed on by sale and inheritance, to the collection of William Byrd, gives a dim account of a battle between the Virginians under Sir Thomas Wyatt, and 800 Indian warriors, under Ochitaplan, the brother of Powhatan.

Now Professor Fiske and others relate that Ochitaplan was old and weak; and that he was soon deposed by Opecancannough. Yet, in the genuine old manuscript, written by a contemporary with the event, and treasured by a contemporary, who was keenly interested in everything that happened in Virginia, we see Ochitaplan leading his 800 bowmen to battle, in the open, fighting the array of whites, face to face. Powhatan never had the spunk to do that: neither did Opecancannough.

Is it not probable that the gallant Ochitaplan was slain in this pitched battle, and that the next brother succeeded in natural order, as Ochi-

taplan had succeeded old Powhatan? That conclusion seems to me inevitable.

It is not known exactly when the battle was fought, but it must have been in 1624, or early in 1625. In spite of their coats of metallic armor, sixteen of the Virginians were killed. There was a great slaughter of the Indians, and they were pursued into the woods. Wyatt returned to Jamestown, in triumph, and soon sailed for England.

Sir George Yeardley died in 1627, and was succeeded by Sir John Harvey. But until Sir John could arrive from England, the Council chose Francis West, brother of Lord Delaware to act as Governor, temporarily. Business called him to England, some months afterwards; and the Council elected Dr. John Pott, the best physician in the colony—in fact, the only one "skilled in epidemicals." He also appears to have been a good judge of liquor, and to have been fond of an occasional spree.

When Sir John Harvey arrived, and assumed the powers of his office, warrants were sworn out for the bibulous Dr. John Pott. He was accused of malfeasance in office, in that he had pardoned a man convicted of murder. He was also accused of stealing cattle. It seems that they proved it on him. At all events, the jury found him guilty, and he was sentenced to death. However, he was pardoned, on the ground that he was such a good doctor, and the only one, they had who was "skilled in epidemicals." Let us trust that he went on no more "benders," and quit stealing cattle.

Exercising his autocratic powers with vigor, insolence and inhumanity, the colonists rose against Harvey and packed him off to England, sending two of their number to lay their grievances at the foot of the throne. But King Charles would not even see the two envoys, much less hear their complaints. He ordered Harvey back to his place, and the Virginians had to endure him two years longer. After he returned to England, Sir Thomas Wyatt was again made Governor. He ruled two years, and then came the ever infamous Sir William Berkeley, (1642.)

At this time, the battle was raging between King Charles and his Parliament. The sinking monarch had taken refuge at York. His reverse of fortune had its effect upon his mind. By Sir William Berkeley he wrote to "Our trusty and well-beloved Governor, Council, and Burgesses of the Grand Assembly of Virginia." This was the first formal recognition of the Burgesses by King Charles. Professor Fiske cites this document, as though it bore date in 1625. It was not until July 5, 1642, that Charles used toward Virginia the gracious language of the communication in which he, for the first time, recognized the popular branch of the colonial government—which it seems had re-asserted itself, in 1628.

Sir William Berkeley was a man of good birth, easy fortune, much culture and courtly manners. To his peers, he was a charming companion. In his luxurious home, he entertained with profusion and elegance. The Virginians fell in love with him. In many respects, he was their ideal of a man.

But it soon became apparent that

beneath his winning smile and urbanity of bearing there was the stern determination of an intolerant bigot.

It was he who fixed upon Virginia the odium of religious persecution. He drove out the Puritan pastors. He suppressed dissenters of every kind. True, the General Assembly decreed the banishment of these Puritan preachers; but it was the influence of the plausible, persuasive and hospitable Governor that caused the easy-going Virginians to become zealots.

And here in 1644, we come to the last of Opecancannough. He is nearly 100 years old. He is so weak that he cannot walk: he has to be carried in a litter. His eyes are closed: for him to see, one of his attendants has to hold the lids apart. When that is done, the hawk-like glare flashes, as of old. For he is a tiger, still; and he has brooded over the wrongs of his race, until his thoughts run red with blood. How bitter must be his regret that he did not fall upon the whites, when they were so few, and so weak!

With impotent rage and folly, he gathers his warriors, strikes at the upper settlement on the York and Pamunkey, and slaughters 300 men, women and children. Then Berkeley comes, at the head of hastily summoned horsemen, and the Indians are put to rout.

The aged Emperor is made prisoner, and is taken to Jamestown. Dauntless to the last, he complains bitterly that Berkeley makes a show of him. One of the guards has the dastardly vindictiveness to shoot him in the back, and of this wound the old Emporer dies.

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy: The Deadliest Menace to Our Liberties and Our Civilization

[For the individual Roman Catholic, who finds happiness in his faith, I have no word of unkindness. Some of my best friends are devout believers in their "Holy Father." If anything contained in the series of chapters dealing with the hierarchy causes them pain, and alienates their good will, I shall deplore it.

The Roman Catholic ORGANIZATION is the object of my profoundest detestation—NOT the belief of THE INDIVIDUAL.]

Chapter XXI.

THE Cardinal de Boland, Archbishop of Lyons, was considered by the Roman hierarchy as one of its most illustrious "princes" of the church. He wrote a book for the exclusive instruction of the priesthood. One of the warnings which he gives to his brethren relates to the Confessional. He reminds them that the priest himself is in "*continual temptation,*" when hearing the confessions of feminine penitents. He declares that "the soul is gradually enfeebled in such a way that *the virtue of chastity is forever LOST.*"

The Cardinal should be good authority. Doubtless he had in mind what happened under Pope Pius IV. A Bull was published, requiring all girls and married women who had been seduced by their confessors to denounce them to the "Holy" Inquisition. Before experimenting with this dubious Bull in other parts of Europe, it was deemed judicious to "try it on" in Spain. The city of Seville was selected, which sufficiently indicates the reputation which the priests of that gay town had won, even among Romanists.

Thirty inquisitors to ask the ladies about it, and thirty notaries to take down the answers were soon at work. And the ladies began to pour into the Holy Office, in long files, while their former confessors sweated blood. To the consternation of the 30 inquisitors and the 30 notaries, it became evident that it would be impossible for them to finish the work in the appointed time. The hard-pressed 60 prayed for an extension. Thirty days more were allowed. On went the ladies and ever on: the 30 inquisitors listened, the 30 notaries wrote, the guilty confessors sweated blood.

Again it became manifest that the additional 30 days would not suffice —there were too many ladies yet to come. Another extension of time was asked for and given. On went the 60; on came the ladies, until such a multitude of priests were involved that it was impossible to punish them all.

The investigation was suspended, the confessors were not disciplined, and they no doubt lost no time in resuming their former relations with the ladies.

Other Popes, before and after Pius IV. tried to curb and punish the confessors who debauched their penitents, but in each instance the evil was found to be too great, too

wide-spread, too universal, *too much of a natural fruit of auricular confession,* to be stamped out.

Romanist theologians cite the following, as questions that every priest should put to himself:

"While hearing confessions, have I not asked questions on sins against "—chastity—" with the intention of satisfying my evil passions?"

When the Romanists themselves suggest that this very thing may be done, can they marvel that we Protestants believe that it *is* done? Can they be surprised that it is impossible for us to comprehend why they plunge their pure wives and daughters into this admitted peril?

Again, Romanist theologians require the priest to ask himself:

"Have I not, either during or after confession, done or said certain things, with a diabolical intention of seducing my female penitents?"

Would Romanist theologians imagine a vain thing? They were priests themselves. They had acted as "Father" confessors, themselves. They *knew* the facts concerning the hideous system, as well as those terrible facts could be known. And by the question which they suggest that the priest put to himself, they virtually admit what we Protestants charge, to-wit—that the confessor *does* take the advantage of his position to ruin his penitent.

Dr. Justin D. Fuller says:

"A lady acquainted with the infamies of the priests rebuked some of them for their profligate doings, and asked them how they could say while leading such criminal lives. They laughed at her, and said, 'What is the confessional for, if we cannot get absolution as well as other men?' "

Thus we have the vicious circle: the priest absolves the layman, and another priest absolves the priest. From the prurient passion, to the adulterous bed; from the bed to the confessional, and from the confessional to Mass!

Could you imagine a system more worthy of hell? Can you imagine a system better calculated to rot out the heart of nations—as it has done in Spain, in Portugal, and as it had well-nigh done in Italy, Poland and Belgium?

Think of how prostrate must be the self-respect of a modest, refined wife when she has yielded to the lecherous *bachelor,* who follows her with his diabolical inquiries *into her very bed and her conjugal intercourse with her husband!* Think of the lewd imagination of the priest which suggests to him those obscene questions. How dare these *bachelors* to ask a respectable wife whether she and her husband have resorted to *unnatural practices* in the marriage bed!

Not so very long ago, a man was condemned to prison, in England, for publishing a translation of the instructions given by Romanist theologians to the priests, as to how they shall put their questions to women and girls. The publication *was* obscene literature, for the instructions are frightfully obscene. Nobody but a whore-master *at heart* could think out such instructions; and no young priest, full sexed and red blooded, could read them without having his sexual *curiosity* excited and his sexual passion inflamed. Then give him the *oppor-*

tunity and the right woman, and nature will do the rest.

In the next chapter, I will *prove* this to be an appalling truth.

But there is another victim of the wrong—the husband. Think of what a humiliating and despicable position the Confessional places him in. If he has the proper feeling for his wife, he should bitterly resent the insult inflicted upon her by the bachelor priest. He should detest the man who tramples upon her shrinking modesty and her wifely self-respect.

Does it not anger him to have a coarse young man inquiring into the sacred mysteries of the marriage bed? Does it not humiliate him to meet on the streets a bachelor who knows more about his wife, than he himself does? Does it not place him in a despicable attitude when he submits to being followed, from month to month, in his private relations with his mate?

I cannot bring myself to believe that American fathers and husbands *know* what nasty and dangerously suggestive questions are asked in the Confessional. If they did know, they would stop the whole infernal business. A man can be a Romanist, in religious faith, without being compelled to allow his wife and daughter polluted with obscene and inflammatory inquiries.

What has all that got to do with religion anyway? Grant that it is a duty to *confess;* grant that you must confess in private, and alone with a priest: does it follow that he has the right to drag you through the slime of his own lascivious imagination? Grant that your pure daughter must go to confession: does it follow that the priest has the right to poison her thoughts and arouse curiosity concerning things that even her mother has never mentioned?

Grant that your wife must go and confess: what right has the priest to drag her down into the mire of his own depraved meditations?

There isn't a word in the Bible that authorizes a grilling cross-examination of the penitent. Not from God and Heaven came the system of licentious inquiry, but from the Devil and Hell! There never was a Christian congregation that could not listen, in sympathy and proneness to forgive, to a contrite, broken-hearted confession of any sin. And there never was a congregation, Christian or pagan, that wouldn't *stone a priest, or preacher, who should publicly ask of women and girls the UNUTTERABLY VILE QUESTIONS OF THE ROMAN CONFESSIONAL!*

Appendix

(From "The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional")

Position of Priest Towards Woman in the Confessional

Gury, in his Compendium of Moral Theology, claims for the priest the quadruple position of "FATHER, DOCTOR, PHYSICIAN and JUDGE." As Father Confessor he is God's agent, and undertakes to dispense spiritual grace through the Sacraments of the Church. In this capacity he claims judicial power to absolve or retain the sins confessed by the penitent. The Council of Trent teaches, "Our sins are forgiven by the absolution of the priest. The VOICE of the PRIEST is to be heard as the

VOICE of CHRIST Himself." "Unlike the authority given to the priest of the old law, the power with which the priests of the new law are invested is not simply to declare that sins are forgiven, but as the minister (or agent) of God REALLY TO ABSOLVE FROM SIN."

As the Physician of the Soul.

The Priest occupies an important position and is able to exercise almost, and in many cases altogether, unbounded power over the child of tender years as well as the weak and timid woman.

In order that the priest might intelligently carry out the duties of this office finds it necessary for him to pursue a particular Course of Studies. Just as a young man preparing for the medical profession studies the physical organism, the diversity of human constitutions, all organic diseases, and it is necessary when attending a patient to ask her questions relative to appetite, sleep, pain, etc. in order that he might be assisted in arriving at an intelligent decision as to her ailment and thus give her physical relief.

So the Church of Rome compels the young ecclesiastical student preparing for the priesthood, to study the Physical Organism--marital life and obligation, the laws of Maternity, delicate and physical ailments, and to give him an opportunity to catechise young children, innocent girls, chaste wives, pure mothers, in such a shameless manner as to make them tremble and hang their heads in shame.

It is the Priest who initiates the young children, girls and women into the mysteries of iniquity. In the confessional a girl's thoughts are polluted, the questions put to them reveal such corruption as to carry the germs of death and make them familiar with every species of sin natural and unnatural against the Seventh Commandment. Neither does the Church *spare the wife and mother.*

The Priest in the confessional becomes the confident of another man's wife, and there, kneeling at his feet, she lays before him all the inmost secrets of her daily life, all that is sacred between her husband and herself. The husband is not the guide of his wife in the hours or seasons of perplexity or trouble, it is the Priest—he is the friend, the adviser; towards him the woman turns, he has her most exclusive confidence. In order that my readers may have an opportunity to judge for themselves, I submit the table of questions on which Roman Catholics must examine themselves prior to entering the confessional, so that in the event of having committed any one of them they may acknowledge the same together with all circumstances connected—no matter how shameful.

Each question will be found in "The Garden of the Soul"—a Prayer-book for general use among Roman Catholics—it has the imprimatur of the late Archbishop Hughes of New York.

Question No. 1.

"Have you dwelt wilfully, and with complaisance, upon impure thoughts or imaginations? Have you consented to them in your own mind. How often?"

Question No. 2.

"Have you been guilty of dangerous freedom with any of the other

sex? How far have you carried on this sinful conduct? Was the companion of your guilt a single person? How often? A married person? How often? Was there anything else in the quality of the person that made the guilt more serious?"

Question No. 3.

Gazing Immodestly.

"Have you gazed immodestly upon yourself or others? Upon pictures or statues or any object which could excite evil desires? How often?"

Question No. 4.

Habits of Secret Sin.

"Have you indulged in the habits of secret sin? How often?"

Question No. 5.

Sins Against Nature.

"Have you been guilty of fornication or adultery or incest, or any sin against nature, either with persons of the same sex or with other creature? How often?"

Question No. 6.

Marriage Obligation.

Questions to Married Women. No. 1.—"Have you abused the marriage bed by any action contrary to Nature, or by refusing your husband his marriage obligations? How often?"

No. 2.—"HAVE YOU PERSUADED YOUR HUSBAND TO OFFEND GOD AGAINST THE DICTATES OF NATURE AND CONSCIENCE. HOW OFTEN?

Appendix

The last chapter of Chiniquy's "The Priest, Woman and Confessional."

A CHAPTER FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF LEGISLATORS, HUSBANDS, AND FATHERS.—SOME OF THE MATTERS ON WHICH THE PRIEST OF ROME MUST QUESTION HIS PENITENTS.

Dens wants the confessors to interrogate on the following matters:—

1. "Peccant uxores, quæ susceptum viri semen ejiciunt, vel ejicere conantur." (Dens, tom. vii., p. 147.)

2. "Paccant conjuges mortaliter, si, copula incepta, cohibeant seminationem."

3. "Si vir jam seminaverit, dubium fit an femina lethaliter peccat, si se retrahat a seminando; aut veccat lethaliter vir non expectando seminationem uxoris." (P. 153.)

4. "Peccant conjuges inter se circa actum conjugalem. Debet servari modus, sive situs; imo ut non servetur debitum vas, sed copula habeatur in vase præpostero, aliquoque non naturali. Si fiat accedendo a postero, a lattre, stando, sedendo, vel si vir sit succumbus." (P. 166.)

5. "Impotentia est incapacitas perficiendi, copulum carnalem perfectam cum seminatione viri in vase debito seu, de se, aptam generationi. Vel ut si mulier sit nimis arcta respectu unis viri, non respectu alterius." (Vol. vii., p. 273.)

6. "Notatur quod pollutio in mulieribus possit perfici, ita ut semen earum non effluat extra membrum genitale.

"Indicium istius allegat Billuart, si scilicet mulier sensiat seminis resolutionem cum magno voluptatis sensu, qua completa, passio satiatur." (Vol. iv., p. 168.)

7. "Uxor se accusans, in confessione, quod negaverit debitum, interrogetur an ex pleno rigore juris sui id petiverit." (Vol. vii., p. 168.)

8. "Confessor pœnitentem, qui confitetur se pecasse cum sacerdote, vel sollicitatam ab eo ad turpia, potest interrogare utrum ille sacerdos sit ejus confessarius, an in confessione sollitaverit." (Vol. vi., p. 294.)

There are a great many other unmentionable things on which Dens, in his fourth, fifth and seventh volumes, requires the confessor to ask his penitent, which I omit.

Now let us come to Liguori. That so-called Saint, Liguori, is not less diabolically impure than Dens, in his questions to the women. But I will cite only two of the things on which the spiritual physician of the Pope must not fail to examine his spiritual patient.—

1. "Quærat an sit semper mortale, si vir immitat pudenda in os uxoris?

"Verius affirmo quia, in hoc actu ob calorem oris, adest proximum periculum pollutionis, et videtur nova species luxuriæ contra naturam, dicta irruminatio."

2. "Eodem modo, Sanchez damnat virum de mortali, qui, in actu copulæ, immiteret dignitum in vas præposterum uxoris; quia, ut ait, in hoc actu adest affectus ad Sodomiam." (Liguori, tom. vi., p. 935.)

The celebrated Burchard, Bishop of Worms, has made a book of the questions which had to be put by the confessors to their penitents of both sexes. During several centuries it was the standard book of the priests of Rome. Though that work to-day is very scarce, Dens, Liguori, Debreyne, &c., &c., have ransacked its polluting pages, and given them to study to the modern confessors, in order to question their penitents. I will select only a few questions of the Roman Catholic Bishop to the young men:—

1. "Fecisti solus tecum fornicationem ut quidam facere solent; ita dico ut ipse tuum membrum virile in manum tuam acciperes, et sic duceres præputium tuum, et manu propria commoveres, ut sic, per illam delectationem semen projiceres?"

2. "Fornicationem fecisti cum masculo intra coxes; ita dicto ut tuum virile membrum intra coxas alterius mitteres, et sic agitando semen funderes?"

3. "Fecisti fornicationem, ut quidem facere solent, ut tuum virile membrum in libnum perforatum, aut in aliquod hujus modi mitteres, et, sic, per illam commotionem et delectationem semen projiceres?"

4. "Fecisti fornicationem contra naturam, id est, cum masculis vel animalibus coire, id est cum equo, cum vacca, vel asina, vel aliquo animali?" (Vol. i., p. 136.)

Among the questions we find in the compendium of the Right Rev. Burchard, Bishop of Worms, which must be put to women, are the following (p. 115):—

1. "Fecisti quod quædem mulieres solent, quoddam molimen, aut machinamentum in modum virilis membri ad mensbram tuæ voluptatis, et illud lodo verendorum tuorum aut alterius cum aliquibus ligaturis, ut fornacationem farereres cum aliis mulieribus, vel alia eodem instrumento, sive alio tecum?"

2. "Fecisti quod quædem mulieres facere solent ut jam supra

dicto molimine, vel alio aliquo machinamenta, tu ipsa in te solam faceres fornicationem?"

3. "Fecisti quod quædam mulieres facere solent, quando libidinem se vexantem exinguere volunt, quæ se conpungunt quasi coire debeant ut possint, et conjungunt invicem puerperia sua, et sic, fricando pruritum illarum extinguere desiderant?"

4. "Fecisti quod quædam mulieres facere solent, ut succumberes aliquo jumento et illiud jumentum ad coitum quolicumque posses ingenio, ut sic coiret tecum?"

The celebrated Debreyne has written a whole book, composed of the most incredible details of impurities, to instruct the young confessor in the art of questioning their penitents. The name of the book is "Mœchialogy," or "Treaty on all the sins against the sixth (seventh) and the ninth commandments, as well as on all the questions of the married life which refer to them."

That work is much approved and studied in the Church of Rome. I do not know that the world has ever seen anything comparable to the filthy and infamous details of that book. I will cite only two of the questions which Debreyne wants the confessor to put to his penitent:—

Of the young men (page 95) the confessor will ask:—

"Ad cognoscendum an usque ad pollutionem se letigerent, quando tempore et quo fine se tetigerint; an tunc quosdam motus in corpore experti fuerint, et pre quantum temporis spatium; an cessantibus tactibus, nihil insolitum et turpe accideret; an non longe majorem in compore voluptatem perceperint in fine tactum quam in eorum principio; an tum in fine quando magnam delectationem carnalem sensuerunt, omnes motus corporis cassaverint; an non madefacti fuerint?" &c., &c.

Of the girl the confessor will ask:—

"Quæ sese tetegisse fatentur, an non aliquem puritum extinguere entaverint, et utrum pruritus ille cessaverit cam magnum senserint voluptatem; an tunc, ipsimet tactus cessaverint?" &c., &c.

The Right Rev. Kenrick, late Bishop of Boston, United States, in his book for the teaching of confessors on what matters they must question their penitents, has the following which I select among thousands as impure and damnable to the soul and body:—

"Uxor quæ, in usu matrimonii, se vertit, ut non recipiat semen, vel statm post illud acceptum surgit ut expellatur, lathalitur peccat; sed opus non est ut dui resupina jaceat, quum matrix, bevi, semen attrahat, et mox, arctissime claudatur." (Vol. iii., p. 317.)

"Pullæ patienti licet se vertere, et conari ut non recipiat semen, quod injuria ei immittitur; sed exceptum, non licet expellere, quia jam possessionem pacificam habet, et haud absque injuria naturæ ejiceretur." (Tom. iii., p. 317.)

"Conjuges senes plerumque coeunt absque culpa, licet contingat semen extra vas effundi; id enim per accidens fit ex imfirmitate naturæ. Quod si veres adeo sint fractæ ut nullo sit seminandi intre vas spes, jam nequeunt jure conjugii uti." (Tom iii., p. 317.)

Napoleon, As He Looked and Moved, During the Hundred Days

(From Memoirs of Sir Jonah Barrington)

(CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH.)

I OBSERVED however, that amidst all this bustle, and mass of conflicting opinions, scarce a single priest visible; these cunning gentry had (to use a significant expression) determined, if possible, "not to play their cards till they were sure what was trumps." On the preceding Sunday they had, throughout the entire day, been chanting benedictions on Louis le Desire and on St. Louis his great grandfather; but on the Sabbath which followed, if they chanted at all (as they were bound to do), they would necessarily run a great risk of chanting for the last time in their lives, if they left out Napoleon; and, inasmuch as they were unable to string together Louis le Desire, Napoleon, and St. Louis, in one benedicite, a most distressing dilemma became inevitable among the clergy. Common sense, however, soon pointed out their safest course: a plea of compulsion operating on the meek resignation of their holy trade, might serve as an excellent apology, on the part of an ecclesiastical family, in the presumption of Louis' becoming a victor; but in the emperor they had to deal with a different sort of person, as they well knew—with a man who would not be put off with unmeaning excuses, and in due homage to whom it would be dangerous to fail. Under all circumstances, therefore, they took up a line of conduct which I can not but think was very wise and discreet, proceeding as it did upon the principle "of two evils choose the least." Their loyalty was decided by their fears, which sufficed to stimulate the whole body of priests and cures at Havre, old and young, to uplift their voices with becoming enthusiasm in benediction of "Napoleon le Grand." Indeed they seemed to be of opinion that, having taken their ground it would be as well to appear in earnest; and never did they work harder thanin chanting a Te deum laudamus, in honor of their old master's return: to be serious, I believe they darst not have done otherwise; for I heard some of the military say very decidedly, that if the priests played any tricks upon the occasion, they would hash them.

The observation which surprised me most of all was, that though the two parties had declared themselves, and the fleur-de-lis and eagle were displayed in direct opposition to each other throughout the town; though the subprefect had run away, while the tricolored flag was floating in one place, and the white one in another, no practical animosity or ill blood whatsoever broke out among the respective partisans. The bustle somewhat resembled that on an English election, but had none of the violence or dissipation, and only half the noise, which circulates on those august occasions. On the contrary, civility was maintained by every one: the soldiers were very properly kept in their barracks; and an Englishman could scarcely conceive so polite, peaceable, temperate, and cheerful a revolution—more particularly as neither party could tell on which side the treason would ultimately rest.

At length, orders came from Napoleon, at Lyons, that the imperial army should be recruited; while, at the very moment this order arrived, some of the merchants and officers of the national

guards were actually beating up for the royal armament. The drums of the respective partisans rattled away through every street, and the recruiters often passed each other with the utmost courtesy: not one man seen in a state of intoxication on either side. Meanwhile there was no lack of recruits to range themselves under either standard: and it was curious to observe, that these men very frequently changed their opinions and their party before sunset. I think most recruits joined the king's party; his sergeants had plenty of money, while Napoleon's had none: and this was a most tempting distinction—far better than any abstract consideration of political benefit. Maany of the recruits managed matters even better than the priests, for they took the King's money in the morning, and the Emperor's cockade in the afternoon; so that they could not be accused on either side of unqualified partiality. The votaries of le Desire and le Grand were, indeed, so jumbled and shuffled together (like a pack of cards when on the point of being dealt) that nobody could possibly decipher which had the best chance of succeeding.

The English alone cast a dark and gloomy shade over the gay scene that surrounded them; their lengthened visages, sunken eyes, and hanging features proclaiming their terror and despondency. Every one fancied he should be incarcerated for life, if he could not escape before Napoleon arrived at Paris, which seemed extremely problematical: and I really think I never saw a set of men in better humor for suicide than my fellow-countrymen, who stalked like ghosts along the pier and seaside.

To see Napoleon or not to see Napoleon—that was the question; and well weighed it was in my domestic republic. After a day's reasoning, pro and con (curiosity being pitted against fear, and women in the question), the matter was still undecided when our friends the colonel and the dirty doctor came to visit us, and set the point at rest, by stating that the regiments at Havre had declared unanimously for the emperor, and that the colonel had determined to march next day direct upon Paris; that therefore if we were disposed to go thither, and would set off at the same time, the doctor should take care of our safety, and see that we had good cheer on our journey to the Metropolis.

This proposal was unanimously adopted: we were at peace with France, and might possibly remain so; and the curiosity of three ladies, with my own to back it, proved to be totally irresistible. A new sub-prefect also having arrived in the town, came to see us; expressed his regret that the English should have deemed it necessary to quit the place; and gave us a letter of introduction to hs wife, who lived in the Rue St. Honore, at Paris.

We immediately packed up; I procured three stout horses to my carriage, and away we went after the advanced guard of the (as well as I recollect) 41st regiment. The soldiers seemed to me as if they thought they never could get to Napoleon soon enough; they marched with surprising rapidity; and after a most agreeable journey, we arrived at the good city of Paris without any let or hindrance, having experienced from the dirty doctor every possible attention. We were sure of the best cheer at any place we halted at; and the more so as the advanced guard only proceeded us one stage, and the main body of the troops was a stage behind us. We were immediately escorted by four mounted soldiers, who were in attendance upon our medical friend. I have learned since that this kind and firm-hearted man escaped the campaign and returned to Italy. The colonel was shot dangerously at Quatre Bras, but I understood his wounds did not prove mortal.

Our route from Havre to Paris exhi-

bited one general scene of peace and tranquility, not dashed by the slightest symptom of revolution. The national guards everywhere appeared to have got new clothing, and were most assidiously learning in the villages to hold up their heads, and take long strides and lock-steps, but (for anything that appeared to the contrary) solely for their own amusement. The same evidences of undisturbed serenity and good-humor were displayed in all directions, and the practice of military exercises by the national guards was the only warlike indication of any kind throughout the whole extent of country we traversed.

On our arrival at the capital, we found no exception therein to the tranquility of the provinces. People at a distance are apt to conceive that a revolution must necessarily be a most terrific affair—a period of anarchy and confusion, when everything is in a state of animosity, bustle and insecurity. This is in some instances a great mistake (although, generally speaking, true enough)—for, on the other hand, many modern revolutions have been effected, governments upset, dynasties annihilated, and kings trucked, with as little confusion as the changing a gig-horse. I have, indeed, seen more work made about the change of a hat than of a diadem; more anxiety expressed touching a cane than a sceptre: and never did any revolution more completely prove the truth of these remarks than that in France during March, 1815, when Napoleon quietly drove up post, in a chaise-and-four, to the palace of the Bourbons, and Louis XVIII, as quietly drove off post, in a chaise-and-four, to avoid his visitor. Both parties, too were driven back again, within three months, pretty nearly in the same kind of vehicle. Let my reader compare, for his edification, this bloodless revolution with the attempt at revolution in the obscure corner of the globe whence I sprang, Anno Domini 1798—during the brief summer of which year there was, in secluded Ireland (the kingdom of Ireland, as it was then called), more robbery, shooting, hanging, burning, piking, flogging, and picketing, than takes place in half a dozen of the best-got-up continental revolutions—always excepting that great convulsion which agitated our neighbors toward the close of the eighteenth century.

After a few days stay in Paris, I began to feel rather awkward. I found very few of my fellow-countrymen had remained there, and that there seemed to exist but little partiality toward the English. But the police was perfect, and no outrage, robbery, or breach of the peace, was heard of; nor could I find that there were any political prisoners in the jails, or in fact many prisoners of any kind. No dissolutes were suffered to parade the streets or contaminate the theatres; and all appeared polite, tranquil, and correct. I kept totally clear, meanwhile, in both word and deed, of political subjects.

The first Sunday after the receipt of our permission, we repaired to the Emperor's chapel, to see that wonderful man, and to hear mass chanted in the first style of church music. Napoleon had already entered: the chapel was full; but we got seats very low down, near the gallery in which the Emperor sat; and as he frequently leaned over the front, I had opportunities of partially seeing him. In the presence of so celebrated a man as Bonaparte, all other things sank into comparative insignificance, and the attention of the spectator was wholly absorbed by the one great object. Thus, in the present case, there was nothing in either the chapel or congregation that had power to divide my regards with the great Napoleon. As I have said, he often leaned over the front of the gallery wherein he sat; and I had thence an oportunity of observing that he seemed quite restless, took snuff repeatedly, stroked

down his head with an abstracted air —and, in fact, was obviously possessed by feelings of deep anxiety. I should not suppose he had at the moment the least consciousness as to where he was, and that of all things, the priests and the mass were the least likely to occupy his thoughts.

While thus employed in reconnoitering the Emperor as intensely as stolen glances afforded me the means of doing, a buzz in the chapel caused me to turn round to ascertain its cause. Though low, it increased every moment, and was palpably directed toward us—so much so, that no doubt remained of our being, somehow or other, the sole objects of it. I then whispered my companions that our presence was evidently offensive in that place, and that we had better retire; when a Frenchhwoman, who sat near Lady Barrington, said, "Madame, you perceive that you are the object of this uncourteous notice." "Yes," replied Lady Barrington, "it is become quite obvious." The French lady smiled, and continued, "you had better lay aside your shawls." Lady Barrington and my daughter accordingly taking the hint, threw off their shawls, which they suffered to drop at their feet, and at once the buzzing subsided, and no further explanation took place until the conclusion of the service.

At that moment several French ladies came up with great courtesy to apologize for the apparent rudeness of the congregation, which they begged Lady Barrington to excuse on account of its cause, and to examine her shawl, on doing which, she would perceive that it was very unlucky (bien mal apropos) to wear such a one in the presence of the Emperor. She did so and found that both hers and my daughter's (though very fine ones) were unfortunately speckled all over with fluer-de-lis. They had been sold her the preceding day by a knavish shopkeeper at the Passage Feydeau, who seeing that she was a foreigner, had put off these articles, thinking it a good opportunity to decrease his stock in that kind of gear; the sale whereof would probably be pronounced high-treason before the month was over.

In viewing Napoleon that day, it was not the splendid superiority of his rank—it was neither his diadem, sceptre, nor power, which communicated that involuntary sensation of awe which it was impossible not to feel: it was the gigantic degree of talent whereby a man of obscure origin had been raised so far above his fellows. The spectator could not but deeply reflect on the mystic nature of those decrees of Providence which had placed Napoleon Bonaparte on one of the highest of earthly thrones, and at the very pinnacle of glory; had hurled him from that eminence and driven him into exile; and now seemed again to have warranted his second elevation —replacing him upon that throne even more wondrously than when he first ascended it.

Such were my impressions on my first sight of the Emperor Napoleon. So much has he been seen and scrutanized throughout the world—so familar must his countenance have been to millions—so many descriptions have been given of his person, portrait by me must appear to be at least superfluous. Every person, however, has a right to form his own independent judgment on subjects of physiognomy, and it is singular enough that I have never yet met any one with whom I entirely coincided as to the peculiar expression of Napoleon's features; and I have some right to speak, for I saw him at periods and under circumstances that wrought on and agitated every muscle of his fine countenance, and have fancied (perhaps ridiculously) that I could trace indications of character therein unnoticed by his biographers.

On this day my observations must necessarily have been very superficial,

yet I thought I could perceive, in the movement of a single feature, some strong-excited feeling, some sensation detached and wandering away from the ordinary modes of thinking, though I could not even guess from what passion or through what impulse that sensation originated. After I had seen him often, I collected the emotions palpable in his countenance with the vicissitudes of his past life, fancying that I might thence acquire some data to go upon in estimating the tone of his thoughts: but at this first sight, so diversified were the appearances as he leaned over the gallery, than even Lavater, could not have deciphered his sensations. He was uneasy, making almost convulsive motions, and I perceived occasionally a quiver on the lips. On the whole, my anxiety was raised a hundred fold to be placed in some situation where I might translate at leisure the workings of his expressive countenance. That opportunity was after a short interval fully given me.

On the same day I had indeed a second occasion of observing the Emperor, and in a much more interesting occupation—more to his taste, and which obviously changed the entire cast of his looks—quite divesting them, of that deep, penetrating, gloomy character, which had saddened his countenance during the time he was at the chapel.

After mass he first came out upon the balcony in front of the Tuilleries: his personal staff marshalls, generals, and a few ladies surrounded him; while the civil officers of the court stood in small groups aside, as if wishing to have nothing to do with the military spectacle. Napoleon was now about to inspect eight or ten thousand of the army, in the Place Carousal. The transition from an array of priests to a parade of warriors, from the hymns of the saints to the shouting of the soldiery—from the heavy, although inspiring notes of the drum—added greatly to the effect of the scene, which strongly impressed my mind, alive and open to all these novel incidents. Age had not then, nor has it yet, effaced the susceptibility of my nature. I own, the latter scene was on that day to my mind vastly preferable to the first: the countenance of Napoleon was metamorphosed; it became illuminated; he descended from the balcony and mounted a gray barb. He was now obviously in his element; the troops, as I have said, amounted to about ten thousand: I did not conceive the court of the Tuilleries could hold so many.

Napoleon was now fully exposed to our view. His face acknowledged the effect of climate: his forehead, though high and thinly strewn with hair, did not convey to me any particular trait; his eyebrows, when at rest, were not expressive, neither did his eyes on that occasion speak much; but the lower part of his face fixed attention at once. It was about his mouth and chin that his character seemed to be concentrated. I thought, on the whole, that I could perceive a mixture of steadiness and caprice, of passion and generosity, of control and impetuousness.

But my attention was soon turned aside to the inspection itself. There was not a soldier who did not appear nearly frantic with exultation, and whose very heart, I believe, did not beat in unison with the hurrahs wherewith they received their favorite leader.

It was the first time I had ever heard a crowd express its boisterous pleasure in a tone of sensibility unknown in our country. The troops were in earnest, and so was the general. The old guard (including such as had returned from Elba and such as had rejoined their colors) formed a body of men superior to any I had ever before witnessed. Descriptions of Napoleon amidst his soldiers are, however, so common, that I will not ocupy either the reader's time or my own by enlarging further on that subject.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The National Currency Asset Bill Dissected

Col. Archie C. Fisk

AT LAST the Monetary Commission has made its report. It occupies nine pages, in small type of the Congressional Record. I do not know that it is either better or worse than the original Aldrich plan, both are so bad as not to be sanctioned by any patriotic lover of country, humanity, or God.

The bill as reported is simply a scheme of exploitation of the masses, hedged around with the verbiage not easily comprehended by those not skilled in the intricacies of finance, but wholly in the interests of the banking, credit device, and money owning classes. Not one line, thought or suggestion in the interests of the masses of the people. Let us dissect the important features of the bill. Sec. 47, "All provisions of law requiring national banks to hold or transfer and deliver to the Treasurer of the United States, bonds of the United States other than those required to secure outstanding circulating notes and Government deposits are hereby repealed.

Sec. 48. "There shall be no further issue of circulating notes by any National Bank beyond the amount now outstanding. National Banks may retain their present note issue, but whenever a bank retires the whole or any part of its existing issue, its rights to reissue the notes so retired shall thereupon cease.

Sec. 49. "The National Reserve Association shall for a period of one year from the date of its organization, offer to purchase at a price not less than par and accrued interest, the two per cent bonds held by subscribing National Banks and deposited to secure their circulating notes."

"The National Reserve Association shall take over the bonds so purchased and assume the responsibility for the redemption upon presentation of outstanding notes secured thereby. The National Reserve Association shall issue, on the terms therein provided, its own notes as the outstanding notes, secured by such bond so held shall be presented for redemption and may issue further notes from time to time to meet business requirements.

Sec. 50. "All notes issued shall be covered by legal reserves, and notes and bills of exchange or obligations of the United States.

Sec. 51. "Notes of the Association in access of $900,000,000, and not covered by lawful money (presumably Treasury Notes, gold-bullion, or foreign gold coin, shall pay a special tax of 1 1-2 per cent per annum, and any notes in access of $1,200,000,000, not so covered shall pay a tax of five per cent per annum. Provided, that in computing said amounts the aggregate amount of any National Bank Notes then outstanding shall be included.

Sec. 52. "Provided that the circulating notes shall constitute a first lien upon the assets and shall be redeemable in lawful money—and must be maintained as a parity of the value of its circulating notes, with the standard establishment by the Act of March 14, 1900, entitled, 'An Act to define and fix the standard of value, to maintain a parity of all forms of money issued or coined by the United States to refund the public debt and for other purposes.'

Sec. 53. "The circulating notes shall be received as par for taxes, and all other dues, except obligations specifically payable in gold.

Sec. 54. "*The N. R. A. and its branches shall at once upon application and without charge for transportation*

forward its circulating notes to any depositing bank against its credit balance."

I have necessarily been compelled to brief the provisions of this bill, but enough is given to show the special privilege features and a study of what is given will readily unfold its consequences if ever it is enacted into law. It is but another link in the chain which is to still further fasten the fetters of bondage around the limbs of the industrial masses. In ancient times this system of bondage was only known to the financial experts of the crowned heads of the robber nations. The life of these experts is given to the study of the devices by which in the coinage and manipulation of the volume of money, the people are robbed without realizing the method by which it was brought about. Unlike the soliloquy of Iago, they were robbed and they knew it. This system was first known in this country at the commencement of the Civil War. The great financiers of Europe, especially of England, financed the fire eaters of the South, and the abolitionists of the North to carry on their propaganda for and against the extension of slavery, which hastened the conflict. When actual war commenced, these foreign experts and bankers, aided by the bankers of the Eastern States, devised schemes to levy a burden upon our distracted country. There was not enough money in the world to carry on so gigantic a struggle. President Lincoln wanted to issue legal tender money, but after a bitter struggle in Congress, the sting of death was inserted in the Treasury Notes (sometimes called greenbacks) by inserting the exception clause which provided that the interests on the bonds and import duties must be paid in gold. Previous to this there had been isued sixty million dollars demand notes which were a legal tender. Gold was now forced to a premium over the exception clause greenbacks. The demand notes following gold in its upward flight, ranging at about 100 per cent premium. Now comes the issue of bonds, then the National Banks, with note issuing privilege secured on the bonds. The bonds were purchased in greenbacks, the interest payable in gold. This scheme enabled the jugglers of money to secure the six per cent gold interest bearing bonds without paying anything whatever for them, but actually taking a profit of one half the interest which, being gold, was double the value of the money with which the bonds were purchased. This wicked scheme cost the toiling millions hundreds of billions of dollars. The next step was the credit strengthening act. This act strengthened the credit only of the holders of the bonds and other forms of indebtedness as it is provided for their redemption, or payment in gold, which was one hundred per cent premium. This made the bonds which cost the holders nothing, payable in a two hundred cent dollar, and the greenback were also made redeemable in gold. This villainous sceheme was also very expensive for the tax payers, producers and consumers. There have been hundreds of schemes since which were sanctioned by the Government which has enabled the bankers to plunder and pillage the people and burden them with untold billions of debt. When the bankers found that the masses of the people were accumulating more wealth than they could absorb, they evolved the 1908 Aldrich asset currency scheme in order to more readily acquire a greater proportion of wealth thus being created. Every statute enacted by Congress from that of 1792 to 1908 made some reference to metallic money—but the Aldrich asset bill, the law which created the monetary commission, did not mention silver nor gold: it reads, "The National Currency Association herein provided for shall have and exercise any and all powers necessary

to carry out the purposes of this section, namely to render available under the direction and control of the Secretary of the Treasury, as a basis for additional circulation, any securities, including commercial paper, held by the National Banking Association."

The whole world regarded, and now regards, our National Banking System as a blot on civilization. Issuing bonds, and then issuing to the holders thereof money to pay for them, taxing the people to pay interest on the bonds, and to furnish money to provide a sinking fund to pay the pricipal, that is not archaic, as the European bankers told Aldrich it was —and Aldrich and Hepburn have admitted it to be true—but it is legalized robbery, a monstrous crime which no other civilized people in the world would submit to.

It will be noticed that the section of the asset currency law quoted above does not mention any metallic money. It has always been supposed that the Act of February, 12, 1873, demonetized silver. The bankers of England sent over a money expert who drafted this law so deftly that only one member of the House and two in the Senate knew that it demonetized silver. I know their names, but they are all dead. Let them sleep undisturbed wherever they may be.

This law provides that, Sec. 14, "The gold coins of the United States shall be a one dollar piece, which at the standard weight of 25 8-10 grains shall be the unit of value." Omitting the word silver has always been contended and so recognized as demonetizing silver. Yet it is now contended that the Act of March 14th, 1900, eliminated the silver dollar. It reads: "That the dollar consisting of 25 8-10 grains of gold 9-10 fine as established by Sec. 3511, (Act of February 12, 1873) of the revised statutes of the United States shall be the standard unit of value, and all forms of money issued or coined by the United States shall be maintained at a parity of value with this standard, and it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to maintain such parity."

Previous to 1873, both gold and silver were always mentioned in coinage acts as legal tender, and coinage unlimited. It has for many years been the object of the bank conspirators to establish a gold standard defying that metal and instilling in the minds of the people the idea that paper issues must be redeemed in gold, that all money must have intrinsic value. That is a fiction. The material from which money is fabricated has nothing whatever to do with its value, as money. This N. R. A. is the culmination of this false theory. During the State Bank period when the banks pretended to redeem their notes in specie, they never pretended to have more than one dollar in specie to redeem twenty dollars of their paper issues. They did business on their credit—the same as the banks now do on their checking and clearing house system.

There has been a banker's conspiracy in this country for fifty years. Step by step they have been throttling the people. The Government is equally guilty with the bankers. These special privileges could not be had unless granted by Congress. It has taken forty years to stifle public opinion. The system very largely controls the election of Senators and Members of Congress; it also controls the press, which is in absolute bondage so far as criticising the present method of stealing bonds and other misdeeds are concerned. This bank power which is already more powerful than the people's Government, prohibits anything on the science of money from being taught in our colleges or the public schools of the country. How much further have we to travel before reaching a state of vassalage? Its state will come quickly with the passage of the N.

R. A. Let us examine this bill a little further.

Sec. 23. "*The N. R. A. shall be the principal fiscal agent of the United States. The Government shall deposit its general funds with said Association and its branches, and all receipts of the Government shall likewise be so deposited.*"

Any of the sections which are here quoted from, and there are others, are not authorized by the Constitution, are derogatory to the welfare of the nation, are class legislation, granting special privileges which are forbidden, and would in a few years transfer the entire wealth of the nation to a few indviduals.

Read Sections 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52 and 53, and study them. I have not space for their elucidation. The reader can readily comprehend what their adoption would mean. Especially consider Sec. 54: "The N. R. A. and all its branches shall issue and transport free, its circulation notes against a credit balance." And Sec. 23, which turns over the Treasury Department of the people's Government to an individual corporation for the exclusive benefit of its members. Where do the people's interests come in? There has never been class legislation since the days of Nero, Caligula, or any of the tyrants of old, and had such a bill been introduced in Congress sixty years ago, a rebellion would have been instantly formed, and Congress would have been mobbed and likely murdered, but in these days of peaceful revolution, socialists will multiply and spring up like the grass and all vegetation after a warm spring shower. Should this bill become a law, I predict that there will never be another Democratic or Republican President after the one elected in 1912, as this bill cannot become a law without the aid of both parties. I am not predicting a Socialist President, nor am I denying that one will be elected, but I do predict that the enactment of this bill will arouse a public sentiment that will hurl from power a government that is base enough to betray its constituents, and hand them over handcuffed and bound to the moneyed oligarchy to be plucked and plundered at will. A corrupt Government legislating wholly in the interest of the banking and other monopolies must be abolished.

The voice of the people is the voice of God, and it must be obeyed.

Abraham Lincoln said we could fool some of the people some of the time, but we could not fool all the people all the time. This mystifying the people about the "unit of value," the "standard of value," the "parity" of one kind of money with another is all a fiction and a fraud, intended only to deceive the people and keep them in ignorance of what money really is, and Congress is just as guilty as are the bankers. They are either guilty of fraud or themselves ignorant of the fact, or this they must judge for themselves.

Law makes money. The material has nothing to do with its value. Give paper full legal tender, and gold only partial tender, and gold could not be user as money. Give both full legal tender and paper would have the preference over gold anywhere in the world. Our greenbacks now are preferred to any other money in every country.

Judge Tiffany, in his work, "Government and Constitutional Law," says "The currency value is in the stamp and not in the material independent of the stamp."

The Supreme Court says: "The Constitution does not prescribe that the legal value shall correspond at all with the intrinsic value. The legal value might be five dollars and the intrinsic value one cent, for the legal value need not corespond at all with the intrinsic value, for intrinsic value is not acknowledged by the Constitution or

Court, as an element of money. This Court recently held that the legal tender acts are constitutional, so by that decision we have two kinds of money in this country—United States notes and coin." (Knox vs. Lee. 12 Wallace.)

"Money is a creation of law, regardless of the material of which it is made." Aristotle.

"The essential part of the idea of money is that it shall be a legal tender." John Stuart Mills.

"Notes not a legal tender and payable on demand are not money." Adam Smith.

"Money is a value created by law; its basis is legal, not material." "The coining of money in all States is the act of sovereign power." Blackstone.

"The whole theory of specie basis is a fraud and has entailed upon the people of Great Britain and the United States an amount of want and wretchedness and misery no pen can describe, no figures estimate." Samuel Calvin.

"Congress has the power to make anything a legal tender." Daniel Webster.

I could fill volumes with like quotations. Why accumulate? No standard authority has held differently. I am opposed to intrinsic value in money, but so long as other nations coin silver this nation as an economic problem should open the mints to its coinage. Whether much or little was actually coined, the fact that it could be coined would raise the price of silver bullion from 50 cents or less to $1.29 per ounce. The Act of 1873, by omitting the world silver dollar, only demonetized silver by implication, but as the Government recognizes it to be demonetized, it should by statute or otherwise declare the mints open to its coinage. I believe all that is necessary is an executive order which would restore it to its place in the Act of 1837. The seigniorage on silver coinage from 1878 to 1900 was $157,467,-155.61. This is a net loss to our people sustained at the behest of the bankers. Our silver bullion is purchased for European coinage, at $1.33 per ounce, probably at a profit of above $200,000,000 since 1878, which is this country's loss, as the result of the stupidity or dishonesty of our Government.

Sec. 10. 1. The Federal Constitution says: "No state shall * * * * coin money; emit bills of credit; make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts. This by implication would permit the States to coin these metals into money. If one of the States were to attempt it, and the courts upheld this contention, the coinage of silver dollars and its circulation would give an era of unexampled prosperity to the States which availed themselves of this privilege. White England profits by the purchase of our silver, both the United States and England suffer greatly by the loss of trade from silver using countries. Before the decline in the bullion price of silver, China and other countries on a silver basis, could buy, exchange on London or New York at par. Then they could purchase cotton and other manufactured products, but now they must pay two dollars of their money for one dollar of exchange, and they have ceased trading with us. They are building their own manufacturies. All of this wicked legislation is the result of our Government blindly following the lead of the bankers. I repeat the question asked in my former article: "Have we any statesmen in public life?"

We shall be better able to judge when the debate opens in Congress on the "Bankers' Reserve Robber Association."

The Nashville Convention and the Southern Sentiment of 1850

Prof. Farrar Newberry

EXACTLY to convey the sentiment of a section or people at any time is well-nigh impossible, and this is especially true with reference to the fomenting and seething, heterogeneous public opinion of the Southern people in 1850, now a half century later, and more. The fact that so little has been written of the Southern convention which in June, and again in November of that year met in Nashville, Tennessee, adds to the difficulty of the task accurately to present today either its historic import or its significance at that time. So far as my efforts at research have led, not one article of more than newspaper importance pertaining to it has ever been placed before the reading public. A careful examination of the files of the papers issued in Nashville and elsewhere during the Convention's sessions, of text-books of the period, which for the most part devotes anywhere from three or four lines to a page or so to the subject, and of a few other miscellaneous sources, among which is that of private correspondence, which generally draws from memory and is therefore inaccurate, reveals the fact that there was, and is, a vast difference of opinion as to whether the meeting really reflected the Southern sentiment generally, or even that of the Southern leadership of the time.

It is not the purpose of this paper to review the history of the period, except incidentally, not even to go far into the detailed discussions which took place in the Convention itself; but rather, from a study of all the material available, to show wherein this vast project proposed by Calhoun and Mississippi failed of the purpose for which public sentiment believed it called. In order to make the study interesting, however, it is necessary to go back to the previous year, and see how the Convention was the result of Congressonal discussions.

The long discussed, hackneyed, but ever new subject of slavery was vigorously debated in the 1848-9 session of the American Congress. Very early in the session a caucus of sixty-nine Southern members was called, the outcome of whose discussion was an "Address to the People of the Southern States," issued January 22, 1849. This caucus and this paper but reflected the leadership—nay, the dominance—of John C. Calhoun, although a study of the record shows that he did meet with strenuous opposition, which slightly amended his vigorous denunciation of all things Northern. The "Address" was a plea for unity "among ourselves," for the purpose of resisting any application of the Wilmot Proviso, and for other purposes.

It was the avowed opinion of the Whig element in the caucus—perhaps of the Whig party in the South just at this time—that Mr. Calhoun was bent upon the destruction of the Union, and an independent Confederacy. In fact, the only conclusion which could be drawn from the "Address" is, that "the honor and duty of self preservation with equal imperiousness required that they protect themselves at whatever cost." It sounded gloomy indeed; and yet it stated that beyond being "united and ready" it would not be proper to go "at present." Calhoun was a gloomy man: writers have wondered whether he was not simply *afraid* to go further and say the final word. That is a thing which will perhaps never be known. The "Address" did not directly call for a

convention, but strongly hinted at the idea as a necessary future resort.

The "Address" was published in the leading newspapers of the South, and found a hearty response in most of them. More and more, the question whether the Southern States should join together to resist their aggressive, and as they thought, unscrupulous and greedy neighbors, came to be discussed throughout the section.

Newspapers are powerful moulders of public sentiment, though per force very often faulty. More authentic expressions are those of the State legislatures. Let us notice some of them, immediately before and closely following the publication of the "Address." South Carolina, always in the lead in this matter, on December 15, 1848, had said that "the time for discussion has passed, and this General Assembly is prepared to co-operate with her sister States in resisting the application of the Wilmot Proviso at any and all hazards." Florida, in January thirteenth, 1849, just before the "Address" was published, had declared herself ready to join other states "for the defence of our rights, whether through a Southern Convention or otherwise." Virginia, January 20, 1849, made provision for a special session of the legislature in the case Congress should pass the "obnoxious measures now pending." North Carolina, January 27, 1849, suggested the extension of the Missouri Compromise line through the new territory over which the debate was raging. Missouri, March 10, 1849 asserted that the action of the North forced the South from the Compromise of 1820, and declared that she was willing to "co-operate with the slaveholding States for mutual protection against Northern fanatacism."

The action of the legislatures, so nearly uniform in purpose and note, indicates the wide-spread and general dissatisfaction then existant.

Calhoun and Webster were engaged in the famous colloquy as to whether the Constitution should be extended to the territories. The debate ended without a settlement; and Calhoun, having failed to win a majority of the Congress to his view, seemed now more than ever bent upon uniting the entire South in some organized and practical way. It is perhaps generally conceded now that the great chieftain believed secession the inevitable necessity of the South, and Senate, and thought the sooner it came the better. A study of his private letters to friends in the different states, and those published in newspapers throughout the South, overwhelmingly convince me that before there was any organized movement or general desire for a convention, he for one believed sincerely that such a meeting was the only definite and practical way of obtaining the concentrated will of the people of his section.

Perhaps the first definite—though unauthentic—movement, outside of South Carolina, having in view the crystalization of the Southern sentiment into some definite outline, took place in May, 1849, just after the publilication of the "Address," when there gathered at Jackson, Mississippi, an informal meeting of citizens for the stated purpose of "protesting against the policy of Congress." The meeting was significant: it issued a call for a State Convention to meet in October of that year to "consider the threatening relations between the North and South." The language of the call was general: it did not allude to special grievances, but simply spoke of the "strained relations."

If the little meeting was in itself authentic, the State Convention which met in Jackson in October in response to its call, while being largely attended, took on a significance of authority and prestige. It was the united expression of Mississippi Democrats and of many

of the Whigs as well, of their common section's disapproval of national management. Further on I shall devote a paragraph to a treatment of the influence of sectionalism on the two great political parties in the South. The chairman of this meeting was none other than Judge William L. Sharkey, the distinguished Chief Justice of the State, and a Whig in politics. Being neither a Democrat nor a secessionist, and decidedly and consistently of Union tendencies, he was nevertheless very strongly opposed to Congress removing slavery from the territories.

The chief work of this convention was the issuance of a call—again through an address—to the people of the South to send delegates to meet at Nashville Tennessee, the following June, with a view and hope "of arresting the course of aggression." Now was the hope of Carolina's Sage to be realized. The anxiety of the man for just such a meeting has been shown. In a letter written by him at Fort Hill to Col. C. S. Tarpley, a prominent Mississippian who had written for advice as to the course the October State Convention should pursue, and dated July 9, 1849, he voices that high solicitation. Beyond all doubt he believed now that such a convention was the South's only hope. "I have delayed answering your letter," he said, "that I might more fully notice the development at the North before I gave it. They are more and more adverse to us every day. There has not been a single occurrance since the rising of Congress which does not indicate on the part of the North a determination to push the abolition question to the last extreme." Then he states his idea of the purpose of such a convention as that about to meet as being "to put forth, in solemn manner,"—Calhoun was always solemn, mind you—"the cause of our grievances in an address to the other States." His advice was followed, exactly.

It was probably not expected by the Mississippians who called it that the Southern Convention should decide on any definite plan of action; for the Address stated that "should the Convention be unable to secure the proper redress," the legislatures of the States injured should call "still more solemn conventions, whose members should be chosen by the people to deliberate, speak and act, with all the sovereign power of the people." From these small conventions there might be "yet a final Convention of all those injured States to provide a separate government for their separate existence, apart from the North."

I think that we may conclude from this that the State Convention which called the Nashville meeting was characterized by a hesitation and fear of going too far; the anxiety for talk, and resolutions with a wider geographical approval than that of any State; the undercurrent of supreme solicitation, seeking sanction from sister States, and not yet ready to break out into actions of defense.

In the interim between the calling of the Convention in October of 1849, and June, 1850, the conflict of ideas and the consequent fermentation among the people of the South perhaps reached its culmination for the period of which I write. It is very interesting to note how the proposed convention was looked upon, first, by the people of the South, and then by the North, and at the Nation's capitol. From the newspaper discussion in the South between October and January, 1850, I think we may conclude that Southern leadership affirmed the idea, and looked forward with interest, perhaps with zest, to a meeting which they thought at last would bring revelance to their condition. I say the leadership, because the masses knew very little indeed of the proposed convention, or of its purposes, and of those who did only a small per cent had any inclina-

tion in the matter one way or the other. And by the last of March perhaps the feeling for the Convention had very nearly if not quite subsided among the editors themselves; for out of the sixty newspapers published in the ten slave-holding States at that time, not more than fifteen gave it active support.

Further, the lack of regularity in the election of the delegates in the different States does not give one a very high impression of the Convention. It lacked the prestige of State authority. The governors in their messages to their legislatures, in most cases, sounded a note of fear, and expressed the hope of some kind of pre-or extra-convention adjustment. Most of the States were represented there by men informally chosen by call meetings or adjourned sessions of the legislatures, thinly attended,—elections unmarked by the formality of high authority, but rather by the laxity of indifference. Outside of two or three of the Southern States South Carolina, Mississippi and perhaps Georgia—there was very little anxiety for it, as the time for assembling approached. In those States, however, mass meetings were held in almost every county, and most of these seem to have expressed themselves as radically in favor, not only of the Convention's meeting, but in the adoption by it of a definite programme of resistance. In Virginia and Tennessee meetings were held denunciatory in nature. Several years before some one had proposed a Southern convention to consider the question of the annexation of Texas, and the proposal gained currency in the newspapers that it be held either in Richmond or Nashville; and the papers alike of the two cities had disclaimed and hooted at it. An examination of some private letters and the files of the Nashville papers for the days just preceding the assembling, reveals the fact that public sentiment in the city of Nashville did not strongly favor it. On June the first, some citizens of the county (Davidson) held a mass meeting at the Court House to consider the Clay measures just introduced in Congress, and stated in a resolution that "it is the sense of this meeting that the provisions of said resolutions offer as fair and equitable adjustment of the dangerous questions as their embarrassing nature admits of * * * * they are calculated to restore peace and harmony." The meeting closed with a toast and three cheers for the Union. The toast was: "The Union forever under the guarantees of the Constitution."

The meeting was of sufficient import to be lauded in most of the State and county papers. The Nashville Convention was a child to be nursed upon the breast of an unwilling parent.

It may be said with safety that the North neither knew nor cared much about the Nashville meeting before it assembled. True, there were mass meetings, many of them, expressive of approval of the compromise measures, and in many parts of the North; but the people generally, as in the South, were little interested. At Washington, however, there was interest, of course; and the Southern Convention about to meet at Nashville was looked upon as a movement directly and immediately for disunion. Thousands of people doubtless thought that the Southerners would actually withdraw in this Convention. At the Nation's capitol it was the subject of gloomy forecasts and awful fears. Mr. Webster alluded to it in his seventh of March speech. He intimated that if any person should assemble at Nashville "for the purpose of concerting measures for the overthrow of the Union over the bones of Andrew Jackson, that old hero would turn in his coffin."

The delegates began to arrive at Nashville on June 2, the day before the convening of the assembly. They continued to come in for two or three days.

The first meeting was held on the afternoon of June 3, the time being taken up by the election of officers. Hon. A. V. Brown, of Mississippi, called the Convention to order, and Judge Sharkey, the eminent chairman of the former Convention in his State, the previous October, was chosen President. Ex-Governor McDonald, of Georgia, was elected Vice-President.

It is not my purpose to go in great detail into all the wrangles which took place in the Convention's sessions, but rather to make a study of the motives and intent of the delegates assembled, and an attempt to answer the questions whether they were representative of the popular feeling at the time. Perhaps Judge Sharkey sounded the key-note of the Convention's purpose, in his speech accepting the presidency. But whether he voiced the feeling of the majority of the delegates, seems not now to be definitely ascertained:—there is a strong probability that he did not. He stated that the purpose of the meeting was to obtain relief for the "violations of the Constitution which the North had made, and to perpetuate the Union, not destroy it. It had met," he said, "to devise a remedy for the evils under which the South is laboring." But his speech was marked by noticeable brevity; he made no detailed explanation of those "evils." There is no record of any tumultuous cheering having greeted his remarks. And yet, to the fanaticism of many people, North and South, which took the Convention to be the immediate forum for expressions of rabid radicalism, Judge Sharkey's published speech came as a thunderbolt of surprise, if not of disappointment.

The second day's session was taken up with the presentation of their credentials by the delegates. It is interesting to note the personnel of a meeting like the Nashville Convention. The assembly numbered several influential, far-known men. In addition to Judge Sharkey, men like Governor Henderson, of Texas; Ex-Governor McDonald and M. J. Crawford, of Georgia; Judge Wilkinson, of Mississippi; General Pillow, of Tennessee; Colonel Pickens, of South Carolina; General Walker and John A. Campbell, of Alabama, the last named afterwards a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the venerable Cheves, of South Carolina, the compatriot and rival, forty years before, of Calhoun and Clay, and who had not left before, for a quarter of a century, the shades of private life;—men of the highest position in their States, of enlarged views, and of the strictest integrity—were in attendance. The presence and counsel of men of their type gives dignity to any meeting. Some, no doubt, had come with a view to preventing extreme action.

Individuals from nine of the Southern States took their seats. The Convention was respectable.

After a debate as to the method of voting in the Convention, in which it was decided that votes should be cast by States, the opening of the third day's session brings us to the first discussion of any really definite plan for the carrying out of the purposes of the Convention. Mr. Campbell, of Alabama, had prepared resolutions and now read them. His sentences were marked by caution and prudence. They were condemnatory of the Wilmot Proviso, but advised no method of resistance, in the confidant hope that Congress would not adjourn without a settlement of the questions in dispute. "The territories of the United States belong to the people of the several States as common property. Whatever the States call property the federal government should recognize as such. On this principle alone will the difficulties under which the South labors, be removed, and the questions of Territories and of boundaries will lose their sectional aspect

and significence." The resolution went on to ardently predict that the controversy would be ended, and conciliation and harmony effected, either by a Northern recognition of the South's Constitutional rights, or by an equal partition of the disputed territory between the North and South.

Thus we see that, while positive, the resolutions of Mr. Campbell bore no semblance of finality. "The Convention has no right to conclude," he stated, "that Congress will adjourn without making an adjustment of the controversy."

Happy if all the delegates had agreed with him. It is appropriate here to speak of the internal dissensions which marked, sometimes dangerously, the debates—the differences in belief existing between the two parties representd there. Certainly one of the most interesting studies of the period is the influence of sectionalism upon the membership of the old political parties of the time. In the caucus debate preceding the issuance of the "Address" of 1849, the Whigs had openly and vigorously declared that they would not give their consent to the formation of a strictly Southern party until they were ready to dissolve the Union. One of their members drew up resolutions modifying the tone of Calhoun's message from that of "passionate complaint and threatening challenge to that of urgent appeal to the patriotism and fair-mindedness of the North." To be sure, this was rejected by the Democratic majority of the caucus, and Calhoun's challenge was adopted with but few alterations; but only one Whig voted for it. Hodgson, in his "Cradle of the Confederacy," points out that the mass meetings preparatory to the Convention were participated in by "States Rights Whigs as well as Democrats, although the great bulk of the protestants came from the Democratic ranks. The Whigs for the most part were content to remain quiet and awit the issue."

The term "States Rights Whigs" indicates a breach in the ranks of the "grand old party" of Henry Clay. To some extent the sectional feeling was cleaving the party in twain; but evidently the Whigs in the Nashville Convention were filled with no great desire to accept bodily and without dispute the Democratic theories. Perhaps the most heated debate took place on June tenth, over resolutions relative to the more stringent enforcement by the North of the Fugutive Slave law. The wrangle lasted for several hours, until the prospect for any united action seemed dim indeed. But the more sanguine—perhaps the most distinguished men of the group—threw themselves heroically into the breach, urging the blotting out of all party lines in the South. "There should be no Democrats, no Whigs, when the matter of protecting the rights and liberties of the South is concerned," passionately exclaimed one of the delegates. Colonel Colquitt, one of the more radical of the delegates, suddenly springing to his feet, cried out that all should immediately "go to moulding bullets for the common cause." He was one of the extremists himself; but his words seemed to have, in that instance, somewhat of the palliating effect desired. "The South should stand for equality in the Union, or independence out of it," was the slogan by which, for the time, the Whigs were brought "within the pale."

Beyond passing for publication certain resolutions and providing for another meeting of the delegates "on the sixth Monday after Congress adjourns," the first session of the Nashville Conventon accomplished nothing. Briefly stated, the resolutions are as follows:

The States have equal rights in the Territories.

The Wilmot Proviso is unconstitutional.

The Fugitive Slave law must be enforced.

The Convention has met to "take counsel" as to what course the South should pursue for the maintenance of her rights, liberties and honor. But Congress has taken no action, and therefore we must meet again when we can better carry out the purpose for which called.

The States are earnestly exhorted to send delegates from every county to the next Convention.

The dignity and importance of the situation in this country makes this Convention no ordinary occasion. The Constitution is to be preserved, and our liberties and institutions maintained.

The Convention adjourned on the twelfth. Old McKendree church, the central home of Southern Methodism, had taken on the added significance of historic interest.

Such was the petition, the solicitation of the Convention to the people of the South. The weeks which followed its adjournment were a period of suspense, of anxiety, awful and intense, to Southern leadership. Nor did the feeling of unrest die out entirely when Filmore succeeded Taylor and signed the last of the compromise measures on September twentieth. Thousands had hoped that the measures would fail of passage, that the South would thereupon secede, and set up an independent government. In the North the Abolitionists denounced the proposed Fugitive Slave law as a violation of morality. The Free Soilers objected to the application of any compromise measure to the new territory. And the obstinancy of Northern anti-slave men was met by an equivalent obstinancy at the South. The Southern Rights Association denounced the compromise. In South Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia it was pretty generally hoped that the plan would fail, since the secessionists believed that now was the time to strike.

On the other hand the dominant, though for a while supressed sentiment of the Southern people was heartily in favor of the compromise. This was the undercurrent of patriotism in the South. Beyond a doubt, if we may take the voice of the newspapers as reflecting that of the people, the vast majority of Southerners sincerely hoped that the sharpening axe of sectionalism might be forever buried. Throughout the section the question arose as to whether the adjourned Convention at Nashville should come together. It resolved itself into the question whether the compromise bills really compromised and settled the difficulties satisfactorily. Divergent views were rife. An article in the October first issue of the Republican Banner and Nashville Whig, discussing the question, was rather vitriolically opposed to the adjourned session. "Congress has acted with wisdom in the passage of the bills of Mr. Clay. The papers all over the South have been emphasizing the failure of the June session itself to accomplish anything, much less should anything be expected of the adjourned session, after relief has already come."

Nevertheless, a few of the delegates were anxious to come together again for further discussion of the differences. The sixth Monday after the adjournment of Congress would place the date of the coming session for November eleventh. On November first an editorial in the Republican Banner and Nashville Whig predicted that only a handful of delegates would be present. Then on the twelfth, the day after the well-forecasted "handful" assembled, the paper stated that the "so called Southern Convention met yesterday in the Christian church, and including spectators numbered ninety-

five persons—a slim body to pose as the Atlas of the South." Delegates only from South Carolina, Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama, Florida and Tennessee were present, and of these the entire Tennessee delegation and part of the number from Alabama, Mississippi and Florida, had come for the purpose of checking instead of encouraging the secession movement. If the June Convention had been a failure in the eyes of some, the November one must proven still more disappointing. It must suffer the additional humiliation of the refusal of men of prominence to return; for men of the Sharkey type, who had been the leaders in the former session, are here conspicuous by the absence. It was Judge Sharkey who, the next year, organized a Whig-Democrat, anti-secession party in Mississippi, and referring the matter of disunion to a popular vote, had it overwhelmingly repudiated by the people of the State. The very fact that such men withdrew their support from the adjourned session had a tendency to take away the dignity which the Convention had possessed in June. The nuumber of delegates was extremely small. They were as follows: Virginia, 1; Georgia, 11; Alabama, 5; Florida, 4; Mississippi, 8; South Carolina, 16; Tennessee, 14.

Ex-Governor McDonald, of Georgia, a secessionist in belief and Vice-President of the former meeting, took the chair upon the assembling of the delegates, and the next day was made President. In his speech of acceptance may be heard the note of a majority of the delegates present: "The hope that our labors of June would cause the whole matter to be remedied and peace restored has been miserably shattered. Everything depends upon the Constitution remaining unchanged and unbroken. It is the great temple of our religious and political liberty. Unless it be rescued from the violent machinations of those men"—the Northern leaders—"it will be destroyed. I do not speak to excite sentiment. It requires wisdom, moderation and courage to meet the crisis. Shall we rest quietly, seeing the approaching dissolution, and adopt no measures of safety if it must come? No; we must guard ourselves in so just a cause." No doubt that these men believed very strongly that the "approaching dissolution must come."

The session adjourned on the eighteenth. The resolutions which it passed expressed an attachment to a Constitutional union, but emphatically declared the right of any State to secede. They further recommended to the Southern States that they refuse to go into any National convention for the purpose of nominating candidates for the presidency and vice-presidency of the United States, "until the Constitutional rights of the South should be secured." Lastly, they recommended that the South go into a "big" convention, to meet at Montgomery, Alabama, at some time in the near future, and urged that delegates to "twice the number of representatives now in Congress from the South be sent to this meeting, empowered to represent their states in sovereign capacity." The fatal inability and lack of authorization of the Nashville Convention was thus revealed in the implied admission of its own failure to represent the States "in sovereign capacity." Something bigger and more authentic must be found to serve as the mouth-piece of Southern "sovereign" States.

Futile as the adjourned session doubtless seems, yet the preamble to its resolutions states that "we make no aggressive move. We stand upon the defensive. We invoke the spirit of the Constitution, and claim its guarantees. Our rights—our independence—the peace and existence of our families, depend upon the issue." But in it all we can but detect the subdued threat

of pride, and hear the muttered determination of the few men who claimed that they were brave enough to come to Nashville again and stand up and defend the Southern people, if other leaders would not.

Even in this adjourned session, as I have intimated, there was opposition to the spirit which is breathed in the resolutions whose substance has been stated. The Tennessee delegates, again headed by General Pillow, protested with all their might against the adoption and declared the whole proceeding to be "unhallowed and unworthy of Southern men." They proposed resolutions expressive of satisfaction with the compromise measures as the best possible "present" remedy for the ills, and while demanding that "all agitations on the part of the North, upon the subject of slavery, shall instantly cease," yet, went no further than to propose, in case of dire extremity, commercial non-intercourse with the North; but their resolutions failed, overwhelmingly.

Highly offended, the Tennesseans retaliated by holding a great Union mass meeting at Nashville on the twenty-third, five days after the adjournment of the Convention, which was characterized by "unanimity and great enthusiasm," and led by such distinguished men as Hon. Andrew Ewing and Hon. A. J. Donaldson.

The Convention, in fact, met with strenuous opposition in all parts of the South. Men like Senator Foote, Judge Sharkey, Alexander Stephens and Robert Toombs were heroically striving to mould the sentiment of the masses into acquiescence. In Georgia a State Convention was called to which a large majority of Union men were elected by the voters. Even in South Carolina the Union party exhibited unexpected strength. The people there were by no means unitedly for secession. In Alabama the out-cry against slavery and the slave power was attributed by a leading element of a convention, simply to the electioneering schemes of Northern politicians. This convention, held at Montgomery, was dominated by such men as Benjamin S. Bibb, Thomas Judge and Thomas H. Watts, and expressed a warm and confident attachment to the Union. In Arkansas, the Governor strongly recommended to the legislature that resolutions of acquiescence be adopted. A great Union meeting was held at Staunton, Virginia, presided over by Colonel James Crawford. A strong letter from Mr. Webster, who had been invited to speak, encouraging acquiescence, was read, and with great effect. Resolutions were adopted, declaring the readiness of those assembled to "meet all good citizens of every section and of every party on the platform of the Constitution, the Compromise and the Union." I have mentioned the stern repudiaton of secession in Mississippi, in the election of Senator Foote as Governor over A. V. Brown. Sharkey, on November fourteenth, while the adjourned session was being held at Nashville, made a speech at Vicksburg, which was largely attended and widely commented upon, urging his fellow-citizens to "boost the Union—the nation as one people—and hope for a return of fraternal relations."

The adjourned session threw a shadow over the respectability of the June assembly, which itself was dignified and imposing. "The Nashville Convention, and the meetings of the Southern members of Congress," says Henry Wilson, "did not accomplish all their sanguine movers aimed at. But they indicated clearly the state and drift of the Southern mind, and revealed the wide-spread sentiments and feelings of defection, the gravity of the issues at stake, the dangers which threatened the prosperity of the nation, and the practical difficulties of the hour. But the November should never be confused in the mind

of the student of the period with the June session. With the former it is safe to say that not one tenth of the Southern leadership was in sympathy. In an editorial which appeared in the Republican Banner and Nashville Whig of the thirteenth, the day after it met, declared that the members of the session wanted nothing less than a Southern Confederacy, thus breaking the Union; but that Tennessee believed the sentiment of the Sage of the Hermitage: "The Union; it must be preserved." And at this time, i. e. just after the compromise measures had been passed, this was undoubtedly the "state and drift" of the mind of the Southern leadership. And the adjourned session of the Nashville Convention was but the refuge of a still frightened band—claiming bravery nevertheless—who thought that they foresaw the doom of the South's interests in the Union. It was rumored that the President of the United States would forcibly put the Convention down, but that was unnecessary,—the South itself put it down.

Yes; "a few men met in November," again; "but to call that a Southern Convention, or to say that the South had any active participation in it—preposterous!" It was a huge disappointment—the half-hearted rallying together of a few upright but scared visualists, far from representative of the Southern sentiment. It was not the Nashville Convention of 1850, as here and there a boasting Southerner still straggling on the high road to nationality, proclaims, but rather what the Convention opposed, which postponed for ten years the fratricidal strife.

Lazy Time

E. S. Allhands

When the sun is pourin' down,
Hot as blazes all aroun';
I don't hunt some other clime;
'Cause it's sich a lazy time.

Them as will, may gad about;
Go in crowds, an' climb the mount;
Dozin' under that ole tree;
That is good enough for me.

Then I seek a deep dark shade;
An' it's there my pallet's made,
There aneath the bendin' tree,
I'm as lazy as kin be.

Half awake an' half asleep;
Watch the sunbeams hide and peep;
Real things an' dreams all mixed;
How could I be better fixed?

Cares an' worry left ahind;
Easy like, in body, mind;
Birds an' bees their music chime;
Oh, it's sich a lazy time.

A Series of Open Letters to His Eminence, Cardinal James Gibbons

No. 1

Your Eminence,

WHEN you and the house-cat both walk the floor at the same time, it's the cat that makes the noise. This compliment I pay you, at the beginning in order that you may be put into a good humor.

If you had lived in the days of Metternich and Talleyrand, they would have bid eagerly against each other, to secure your services. As a pussy-footer, no Irishman ever equalled you. Now chortle, and stroke the cat.

Cardinal, did Peter—Saint Peter, I mean—wear his wife's clothes? Or did he borrow those of his mother-in-law? Did Paul wear the garments of Buddhist priests, or did he robe himself in the Roman toga?

Cardinal, do you happen to know that you dress just like a Buddhist priest? Was Buddha an earlier teacher than Christ? Does the Buddhist hierarchy antedate yours?

If it will not put Your Eminence to any considerable inconvenience, I would like for you to tell me when it was that your Papa and his holy ones of God began to reject shirts and trousers. When was it that your Papa and his holy ones of God began to dress like women?

And why do you keep it up, Cardinal? What's the matter with shirts and breeches, anyway?

I am a married man, you know, and I have obeyed the Biblical injunction to multiply and replenish. Why was that command not binding on you, Cardinal?

Why did you not court and marry some good maiden, and make her wife and mother? Wouldn't you now be a happier man, if in your old age, you heard in your home the sweetest of all music—the tender voice of devoted wife, and the innocent laughter of grand-children?

Your Eminence must be very lonely. If you ever begot a child, you dare not acknowledge it. If any woman loves you, she dare not avow it openly. In your heart of hearts, you probably rue the day that cut you off from the infinite happiness of the domestic fireside.

You are now an aged man. Those around you serve you, obsequiously—but do any of them love you? Are they not already discussing your successor?

Ah, Cardinal! Is it right to remove so many thousands of men from the ranks of the procreators?

Is it right to banish so many thousands of women from the holy duties and joys of Motherhood? Are you not *particeps criminis* to race suicide?

Cardinal, if you priests had wives and legitimate children, would you not be more in touch with common humanity? If you were to drain the same cups of happiness and sorrow that we laymen drink, would you not understand us better? Would there not be a stronger bond of sympathy between pulpit and pew?

Cardinal, your male members don't love you. They resent the Confessional, and the horrible questions asked of their wives and daughters. They bitterly resent your inquiries into the sacred secrets of the nuptial couch.

Cardinal, what right has any minister of the Gospel to ask me and my wife about onr conjugal intercourse? What right has any clergyman to

defile the thoughts of my sister, my son and my daughter?

In what manner is religion served by such nasty suggestions as are thrown out from the Confessional? How can a full-blooded young priest—a bachelor—put those obscene questions to a buxom young woman, without himself being fired up?

Cardinal, do you remember what is recorded concerning the early Fathers who took the vows of chastity?

You will recall that they avoided the very sight of the other sex. They dreaded the rustle of the seductive skirts. They made their cells in caves, or hermit huts. They dared not eat meat. They tasted no wine. They lived on cold water, and vegetables. They slept on the floor, sometimes on the cold rock. Even then, the natural God-given sexual instinct and desire tormented them.

Cardinal O'Connell

Cardinal, don't you remember how Saint This and Saint That would stand in the icy water, to chill the ardor of the blood? Do you recall that some of these Saints had to roll over and over

in the snow? That others had to fairly take to their heels, and run in the woods, until the animal passion was tired out?

There was one of them, you know, who, in hs old age, asserted that he had been able to keep his vow, but he added that he would not live through the experience again, for even the hope of salvation.

So, you see, it's tough on a priest to abstain from gratifying the most powerful of all basic appetities.

Did *you* have to roll, over and over, in the snow, Cardinal? Did you have to immerse yourself in freezing water? Did you have to skedaddle to the woods, and run it off? Did you cut out the meats and the wines, Cardinal?

Dear God! He made a woman for you, and you never found her—and it broke her heart and saddened yours. *C'est ne pas?*

Cardinal, let us study the faces of some of your celibates—the holy ones of God who have never known women. If you have no objection, we will commence with the newly made Cardinal John O'Connell.

A few days ago, I had the impudence to write to you, to O'Connell, to D. S. Phelan, to Archbishop Blenk (of New Orleans), to Merry del Val and to your Papa, asking for your most recent photographs. None of you complied with my request. But the Secretary of Cardinal O'Connell walked right into the snare; and consequently, I can present to our readers a cut taken from a photograph which O'Connell had taken, while in Rome, Italy.

Now, Cardinal, let us study O'Connell's countenance. Look at those eyes: see how they bulge, and how puffed the skin above and below. Are those the eyes of a man who keeps his blood cool, on branch-water, skim-milk and a diet of herbs?

Look at that nose! Such a proboscis *always* marks the sensual man. It is thick, and I shouldn't wonder if it is red.

Look at that mouth! Do you think that no meat and wine ever passed those proud, gross lips?

Look at his big, thick ears! Look at his beefy jowls! Look at his full and heavy chin! See that dew-lap under the chin, and that bull neck.

Then view his bodily bulk! If that man does not fare sumptuously every day, physical evidence means nothing.

It being so manifest that O'Connell eats much and drinks deep, how does he control his *other, and STRONGER* passions?

Stands in ice-packs, probably. Or rolls over and over in the snow. Or takes to the tall timber, and runs it off. Is that the way of it, Cardinal?

The other day, I saw in one of the papers a picture of the Right Reverend Monsigneur M. F. Lavelle. It pleased me so much that I had a cut made of it.

That's a spiritual countenance, isn't it? It is *so* meek and conciliatory. His Bridget must have rousted him out of bed too early, that morning. Or, perhaps his chemise got a wrinkle in it, somewhere.

Look at those surly, thick-lidded eyes. Study the nose and mouth. Note the bull neck. View that plethoric torso.

His name suggests that he is a Frenchman . Being a high-liver and a Frenchman both, he easily abstains from women. How?

By rolling over and over in the snow. By standing in ice-packs until he cools off. By taking to the woods, and running it out.

Is that the way of it, Cardinal?

Next we present the picture of The Right Reverend Monsigneur Jos. F. Mooney.

Joseph was well named. His facial lineaments betoken humility, a chastened spirit, and a keen sense of his own unworthiness. In his own eyes, Joseph is a mere worm. And if Poti-

phar's wife, or anybody else's wife, ever made advances to him, he fled, incontinently, to regions of safety.

Joseph looks like a man who is well fed. He too, bulks from neck to hip. Look at those fat hands. See those big ears. View that breadth of cheek and chin.

Mons. M. F. Lavelle

It must have been a struggle with that man, to keep his vow of chastity.

But he did it. How?

He rolled over and over in the snow. He stood in the ice-pack, until he cooled off. He sped away to the lofty umbrage and ran the thing out.

He avoided wine and meat. He drank pot-liquor, and ate collard-greens. He stuffed up on vinegar pickles and artichokes.

Was that the way of it, Cardinal?

Lastly, will be found the face of another Irish prelate—his countenance

Mons. Joseph F. Mooney

is, of course, familiar to you, Cardinal!

Look at those heavy dew-laps under *his* eyes. Look at his fat cheeks and

thick lips. He also is of portly proportions. He, also, has folds under chin, and a neck that laps over his collar. Back of his head, I'll venture to say, is a bump of amativeness, as big as a hen's egg.

Such a man was made to mate with a woman. But he doesn't do it. He never did. How does he keep from it—when so many of the fair sex are held behind the bars of convent dungeons, where they are at the mercy of the priests?

He retains his virtue by severe penalties self-imposed upon the flesh. He rolls over and over on the snow. He stands in the ice pack. He chases it away in the woods. He sleeps on a marble slab. He regales himself on sassafras tea. He eats asparagus and lettuce. He sometimes allows himself a plate of chicken broth.

That's why he is so fat and virtuous. Is it not so, Cardinal?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Casket

Ralph M. Thomson

At best I am a little piece of ore,
Dug from the depths of life's immortal hill;
Thou art a metal-worker, skilled in lore,
Who mayest mold me as it is Thy will.

If Thou wouldst fashion from the shapeless mass,
Ah, something Time shall never rent apart,
Make me that casket where, when sorrows pass,
Thou hidest all the jewels of thy heart!

The Broken Journey

Joseph A. Altsheler

THE road turned at the crest of the mountain and began its winding descent toward the lower levels, but Wharton stopped a few moments to inhale the keen air and to gaze into the white mist that rolled up the valleys and the slopes almost to his feet. He sat there on his horse, a figure of elastic strength, the young member from his county, serving his first term at the capital of his state, and proud alike of the honor and responsibility.

Wharton had been summoned suddenly in the middle of his term by the serious illness of his father, and he had gone, in all haste, to his mountain home, a journey of no little consequence, for the country was nowhere within fifty miles of a railroad and the time was winter. But his father's recovery had been rapid, and now he was on his way back to the capital, eager to be again in the great legislative contest that was shaking the state.

Amid the silence, as he sat there on the mountain, he was going through those mental processes that strengthen the will and prepare it for a great work. He knew that he would need all his faculties. The bill to recreate the judicial system of the state was vital, the fight over it was already long and bitter, and only the final vote could tell which side would win.

He spoke to his horse and began the winding journey down the slopes, dipping soon into the narrow valley that ran like a ribbon between the ridges. Then the trail turned once more, and he began the ascent of the farther slope that helped to hem in the valley. Here the mountain was bleaker, with upheaved stony sides, scanty shrubs and dwarfed bushes clinging in the clefts.

Wharton looked uneasily about him and his blood grew chill. Within the last half-hour the scene had become repellent and dreary to the full. The mists were creeping higher and were turning from white to a sombre gray. He increased his speed again, his good horse responding quickly to his word, but the sodden clouds continued to pile up in the sky, and out of them presently came something white and soft, which fell cold and damp upon his face. It was but a brief vanguard, for the storm rushed quickly afterward in flood tide, and the air was full of the driving flakes. Wharton, who could not now see any road before him, pulled his collar a little higher and his hat a little lower, and let the horse choose the way. He went on in this manner more than an hour, when the snow began to thin enough for him to raise his head and look about him.

He found that he was climbing a narrow path in a ravine, between two steep slopes, and the country was strange. It was in his mind to turn back and retrace his steps until he came to the road, but he had lost so much time already that it would certainly mean a night on the mountain, and second thought induced him to go on, in the hope that he might reach a cabin, where he could find shelter until the morning.

At a turning he heard faint sounds behind him, and then out of the mists rode a big dark man on a big dark horse.

"Which way, stranger?" he asked Wharton in friendly fashion.

"I should like to tell you, but I don't know," replied Wharton.

The big man laughed and stroked

his dark beard with a big hand clad in a buckskin glove.

"It's nothing to wander from the path in a snowstorm so thick that one can't see," he said. "I've done it myself and I live in these parts, straight ahead about two miles. You are going to spend the night there with me."

Wharton nodded and gave him his thanks.

The path was broad enough for two, and the big man rode up beside him, the horses touching noses in friendly fashion.

"I've seen you before," said the stranger, after sweeping Wharton from head to foot with a concentrated gaze, "and I'm glad that I can save you from a wild night that might end badly for you."

"So you know me," said Wharton in some surprise.

"Aye," replied the man tersely, "you're Albert Wharton, an' you're the member from Rupert County. I've heard you speak."

"I hope the fact has not made you my enemy," said Wharton, laughing a little—he had some pride in his oratorical powers.

"You can talk well enough," continued the stranger, "and as for me, my name is Farrell—Nick Farrell. As I told you, I live in the cove ahead. I farm some, and I hunt more."

The snow ceased presently, and the gorge opened out to a fair width. Trees appeared; a brook, with ice at the edges, ran swiftly over pebbles, and on a shelf of land in a small but thick grove rose a house, larger and better than the usual mountain home.

Host and guest soon had the horses between walls, with oats and corn in their cribs. Then they walked together to the house, and now the dark had come completely. A single light burned from a window before them.

Farrell opened the door and led the way into a large room that seemed to be a kind of family apartment, a great fire of mountain logs crackling and blazing in a huge fireplace on one side.

"Just take off your overcoat, Mr. Wharton, and warm yourself while I see about supper," said Farrell.

He disappeared through a door at the far end of the room, but came back in a few minutes and drew up a chair for himself.

"Supper in five minutes," he said hospitably. As he was now without his overcoat Wharton could see better his great proportions. He had the frame of a giant, and, lean as he was, he must have weighed two hundred pounds.

The door through which Farrell had gone opened again, and a girl, entering with light step, raised the leaves of a table near the wall and began to set it with dishes. Wharton could not see the girl without turning in his chair in too obvious a manner, and he caught only a glimpse of a plaid red and black linsey dress.

"Bring up your chair, Mr. Wharton. Supper's ready," said Farrell, and Wharton took his chair to the table, where the girl was standing in a waiting attitude.

"My sister, Cynthy," said Farrell. "Cynthy, this is Mr. Wharton, the member of the Legislature from Rupert County."

Cynthia Farrel nodded, but did not speak, and as there was no light in the room save that from the fire, which was on the far side, Wharton could not see her distinctly. But he knew that she was a tall, slim, mountain girl, with a face gleaming whitely from encircling masses of coal-black hair. The dress seemed to be of home-made material, but it fitted the lithesome form and indicated well-molded arms and shoulders beneath. She was far younger than her brother.

The fact that she neither sat down nor spoke was of no significance; nearly all mountain girls are shy in the pres-

ence of strangers, and it is the custom, too, even in the homes of parents of substantial means, for them to wait upon the table. Cynthia Farrell, stepping lightly and with a singular, supple grace, served them, going to the kitchen for hot cakes and fiilling the coffee-pot again. Once, when she poured a fresh cup for him, Wharton noticed that her wrist was white and beautifully turned. The hand, too, was small, and the tapering fingers were unspoiled by hard work.

"It's good to have you here with us, Mr. Wharton," said Farrell genially. "I hear of you often, and the reputation that you're making. Now, Cynthy, you've done enough work. Just sit down with us and eat a bite yourself."

She obeyed without a word and drew a chair to the table. Wharton politely put food upon a plate and passed it to her. She accepted with a "Thank you," the first words that she had spoken. The accent was of the mountains, but the tones were full and rich, and Wharton at last had a good view of her face. She had none of the sallowness so common in that region; instead, her skin was remarkable for its white clearness. Her eyes were lowered mostly, but once he caught her swift glance at him and he thought that it bore a trace of uneasiness. He concluded that it came from shyness, and to help on the evening he began to talk of that world beyond the mountains to which they must be ignorant. He possessed the gift of tonges, and he talked well. Meanwhile he heard the beat of hail on the window-panes in a steady patter and the darkness inclosed th house in walls of black.

"We'll sit before the fire a while, Mr. Wharton," said Farrell when the supper was over, "and Cynthy, as soon as she has cleared away the things, will join us for a spell."

Wharton nodded in assent, and they drew their chairs in front of the great open fireplace.

Cynthia was noiseless, but Wharton knew that she was yet in the room, clearing the table, and presently he shifted a little in his chair until he could see her with the corner of his eyes. His first glance startled him. She was regarding him with a blended look of pity and apprehension, marked in either case, and, though wondering somewhat about its cause, his chief interest then was in noticing how well the look became her. He knew that beauty of a rare and delicate kind, usually doomed to wither too soon under hard toil, sometimes bloomed in the mountains, even in the most unlikely places, and it seemed to him that he had found such a flower now. But he had an innate refinement, and when he saw that she was slightly confused at meeting his gaze he turned his eyes.

She took away the last of the dishes in a few minutes, let down the leaves of the little folding table and put her hand upon a third chair, with the evident intention of joining them by the fire. Wharton sprang up, took the chair and put it between his and Farrell's. She did not speak, but gave her thanks with a slight bow and sat down in the chair.

Farrell glanced at his sister, put his pipe back into his mouth and relapsed into silence. She sad never a word, and Wharton, feeling an odd embarrassment, paused and lost his tongue. There was no noise in the room but the crackling of the hickory logs under the eating flames, and a great constraint laid hold of Wharton. He began at last to be dimly conscious of some strange influence, the quality and power alike of which were yet hidden from him. It troubled him, got upon his nerves, and his sense of satisfaction was dimmed.

"A wild night that grows yet wilder," said Farrell at last. "I doubt if you can go on tomorrow."

Although he used the word "doubt" his tone was that of finality, and it

pressed upon Wharton's troubled senses. A sudden light of terror leaped into the girl's eyes. Wharton was not a man to have his course laid out for him by others.

"I cannot trespass too long upon your hospitality," he said. "As I am of the mountains and know all their tricks, I shall go on in the morning."

Farrell's lips moved as if he would speak again, but he changed his mind and put the pipe back in his mouth.

"You've had a long, hard day, Mr. Wharton," he said after a while, "and as it's a sin to keep you up I'll show you to a bed now."

Wharton was glad to go, because he wished to escape from the oppression that was now heavy upon him, and because he really needed rest.

"Good night, Miss Farrell," he said.

She did not reply, but when her brother, turning his back, walked across the room toward a door that evidently led to the apartment in which Wharton was to sleep, she suddenly approached him, with swift, soundless steps.

"Remember that I did not want you to come—that I am sorry you are here. Always remember that," she said in an intense whisper, so charged with fear and emotion that Wharton was startled.

"I do not—" he began to say, but, quickly as she had come, she was gone as quickly, and Farrell, having opened the door, was showing him the way.

Farrell was the genial host once more as he led him into the little room.

"If the looks of your eyes don't belie you, you are very sleepy," he said, "and so I'll tell you good night."

"Good night," said Wharton, his head still so full of Cynthia's extraordinary words that he paid little heed to the bedroom. But there was nothing remarkable about it, merely four walls, two narrow windows cut like slits in the logs, a chair, a washstand and a bed. And it was the truth, too, that he was sleepy despite his wonder. After so long a day and such a strain, an overwhelming desire to close his eyes and find rest came upon him. He did not seek to resist it, but hastily undressing went to bed, and in five minutes was sleeping soundly.

When he awoke in the morning a brilliant sunlight was shining in at the narrow windows and from his bed he saw the ridges and peaks, deep in glittering white snow. There was a knock at the door and Farrell entered.

"You have slept late and so have all of us, Mr. Wharton," he said—"late for country people. But the beating of hail on a house, when you are warm and inside it, always makes a man sleepy."

"That's so," exclaimed Wharton, dressing quickly. His spirits took a fine bound, due partly to physical and partly to mental causes.

"Elias has fed your horse," said Farrell. "There Elias is now, going across the yard."

Wharton glanced through the window and saw Elias, a man of years and of most unusual figure, combining the maximum of height with the minimum of girth. He seemed to Wharton to be at least six feet three and of wonderful slimness, with a face all seams and wrinkles, and hands all cords and knots.

The breakfast was in almost every respect a duplicate of the supper. The girl both served and shared, and, as before, spoke little.

Wharton, an intense Democrat and a mountaineer, had learned more than his fellows through his experience at the capital, and he knew that in the earlier times people of education and breeding had settled here and there in these mountains. Blood could carry through more than one generation, and it pleased him to think that the qualities going with it were present now in Cynthia.

When he rose from the table and

glanced casually at the window, he noticed that the skies were again overcast, menacing brown clouds indicating a probable return of the snow. He did not like these signs, but he had no fear of them, because Farrell would tell him the straight road, and before night he would be at the station.

"I owe much to both of you for shelter and courtesy," he said, "but I must hasten on. I am due in the capital tomorrow."

Cynthia looked at Farrell and a pallor, sudden and deadly, overspread her face. Farrell, too, had risen, but he was smiling, and it was a benevolent, protecting smile.

"Mr. Wharton," he said, "don't you see the clouds out there? Look how they are gathering again! We shall have another snowstorm. If I were you I wouldn't go on yet. It would be dangerous. You might lose your life, and we can't spare you."

"It's very kind of you, Mr. Farrell," said Wharton, smilng in his turn, "to make such an offer, but I must be in the capital tomorrow."

Farrell shook his big head and shut his thin lips together in a way that meant resolve.

"I can't let you go, Mr. Wharton," he said. "If anything happened to you, all the mountains would say I was to blame."

Wharton detected a new ring in his voice, a tone that annoyed him. It had the savor of a reproof, addressed by a man to a boy, and he resented its implication.

"You need not trouble your man Elias," he said ,with some slight decline in the suavity of his manner. "I can bridle and saddle my own horse."

Again the great mountaineer shook his head, and seemed to thrust forward his massive chin.

"It comes to this, Mr. Whraton," he said in hs old, protecting manner. "I feel that a sort of chance has put you in my care, and I've got to live up to the responsibility. I can't let you risk your life out there in all that snow and wildness with another storm coming on."

The blood of the younger mountaineer suddenly grew hot in every vein.

He lifted his overcoat from the chair where it lay, put it on, and took one step toward the door. Then he found the great form of Farrell barring the way.

"I told you, Mr. Wharton, that I could not let you go," said the mountaineer, "and I am such a good friend of yours that I will keep my word, even if it comes to force. You are a strong man, but I am stronger. Nor are you armed. Come, let's go into your room there and talk it over."

It was not the fear of hurts in a struggle, but of suffering indignity in the presence of Cynthtia that made Wharton accept this offer of a moment's truce.

"Very well," he said. "Miss Farrell ought not to be frightened by violence, and I confess that I should like to hear your reason for this extraordinary act."

He bowed to Cynthtia and went with Farrell into the little room.

"Now," he said, "you will please explain this!"

"Do you not see," said Farrell suavely, "that your life is safe only here with us? I am your best friend."

"I am no child! exclaimed Wharton. "And this is nonsense! If that is all you have to say, get out of the way, because I am going at once."

Farrell raised his great arm.

"Do not get excited, Mr. Wharton," he said soothtingly.

His tone was so ironical, so exasperating, that Wharton could endure no more. All his blood flew to his head and he sprang toward Farrell, aiming a blow directly at the smiling mouth. He never knew the exact order of procedure, because it was all so quick, but his clenched fist was caught in a palm

that shut up on it with a deadly grip, and the next moment he was forced back against the wall, where he was pinned, breathless and unable to move.

"I warned you," said Farrell in a manner that was even fatherly. "Now, will you promise to be good if I let you loose?"

Wharton could only nod, and Farrell released him. He stood for a while, panting and alternately red and white with rage.

"Will you tell me the reason for all this-" he cried at last.

Farrell laughed softly and with the utmost good nature.

"Now you are impeaching my word," he replied, "and if I were hot-tempered like you I might get angry, but I won't. It's just as I say, I can't let you risk your life."

Wharton uttered an angry cry and struck his open palm against the wall.

"Am I a man or am I not?" he exclaimed.

Farrell examined him critically.

"You are a man, but a very young one," he replied in a judicial tone.

"You can't keep me here," exclaimed Wharton.

"Oh, yes, I can," said Farrell, smiling. "We have no neighbors. This house is built of logs. The windows there are but clefts and you can't crawl through them. Elias will do anything that I tell him, and either he or I will be before you if you choose any other road. It's just the easiest thing in the world, Mr. Wharton, to keep you with us. Why not make the best of it and be a happy guest instead of an ungrateful one who is trying to get away?"

Despite himself Wharton was compelled to smile, though somewhat sourly.

"Come back in to the big room," said Farrell, "and we'll sit there and talk."

Wharton went without a word. Although troubled and mortified to the verge of desperation he was recovering control of himself, and he resolved to affect a calmness that he did not feel.

They sat down again before the fire, and Farrell was all the genial host. Cynthia passed through the room, and when she gave a swift glance at the pair, sitting there, apparently such friends, color came back to the cheeks that had been so white.

There were hidden reserves and unplumbed mental depths in the gigantic mountaineer, who, though without education, talked that morning in a manner equaling in brilliancy and interest any conversation to which Wharton had ever listened. He had the gift of the story-teller, the power of narratve in its most appealing form, and a life of adventure, in the wild mass of mountains surrounding him, gave him ample material. Kindred blood was in the veins of Wharton. He, too, in his boyhood, had been, at times, a hunter, a fisherman and a rover and, despite his anxiety and hidden anger, he forgot himself under the spell of Farrell.

Dinner was spread by and bye in the same manner as the preceding meals, Cynthtia first serving and then eating with them. It pleased Wharton to watch her, and he was constantly discovering new beauty and grace in her. It seemed to him that her eyes, full and soft, could be capable of much tenderness, and certainly he had never seen a whiter or more beautifully rounded throat.

She was more composed now, and she had a dignity that he liked. He began to believe, too, that her apprehension had been for him—that she had no fear of her brother on her own account, and out of this belief came a resolve.

"Miss Farrell," he asked, "will you tell me why your brother holds me here? It is very kind of him to care for my safety, but I cannot believe that it is the only reason."

Deep color suffused her cheeks, and she looked at her brother. The look

was in a measure defiant, and the glance that he gave her in return was not a threat so much as a request.

"I am sorry you asked me that question," she said at length, "as I must not answer it."

Most of the afternoon passed in much the same manner as the morning, but at last Farrell rose and asked his guest to excuse him, saying that he would return in a few moments. Then he disappeared through the rear door and Wharton's heart gave a leap. Besides himself only the girl was now present in the room, and she did not have the power to stay him.

He went swiftly to the front door and put his hand upon the bolt, but Cynthia followed with a step as swift as his, and lighter, and her hand fell upon his arm.

"Don't try it," she said. "I ask you not to do so, because I wish you well."

"I am a free man," said Wharton with pride, "and I cannot be held in such a manner."

"Open the door if you will," she said in the same insistent tone, "but do not go beyond it."

He turned the bolt and swung wide the door. Elias, attentive, waiting, drawn up as if ready to spring, stood upon the porch. His long, thin knotted form seemed alive with strength.

Wharton was a thoroughly brave man, but as he reflected swiftly that while he might overpower Elias, Farrell would surely come, he closed the door between them and the outer world. He turned then upon Cynthia with an impatience he had not before shown toward her.

"Your brother is not here and you need not fear him. Now will you tell me the reason of these extraordinary actions?" he exclaimed.

She turned pale and her eyes lowered before his wrath. But from beneath the drooping lashes she shot him a glance that was none too cold. Then she shook her head.

The rear door was opened and Farrell bustled in, brushing the snow from his shoulders.

"I've been to the stable," he sad, "but I tell you it's wild! How glad I am that I persuaded you not to go on today, Mr. Wharton!"

Then he resumed his easy talk, his flow of narrative, anecdote and description, and the long, slow day passed on. The darkness fell over the mountains, thick and heavy, with only the white gleam of the snow showing through, and Wharton knew that a whole day was lost.

That night he lay on his bed, fully dressed, and slept not at all. Lying there in the darkness he reviewed the events of the day, and his anger rose rapidly as he recalled them. The spell of Farrell's power and of Cynthia's beauty were gone. It was intolerable that he should be detained in that lonely mountain home when his duty at the capital was calling him, and he resolved that the delay should not continue.

He rose from the bed and tried the door, finding it locked as he had expected. But he was not daunted. Farrell was right when he had spoken of him as unarmed, but he had one of those combination pocket knives that are a half-dozen useful things in one, and with it he skilfully picked the lock. Then he opened the door and stepped into the large sitting-room, where he and Farrell had passed so much time.

The great fire of hickory logs had burned down, leaving a bed of coals that cast ruddy but flickering bands of light across the floor. Most of the room, however, was in darkness.

Wharton stood there a few moments, and, as he stood, the door, leading to the rear of the house, opened. A figure, tall, slender and wrapped in a long black cloak, came out, and he knew by the motion that it was Cynthia.

The girl paused, and then, as, by the firelight, she saw the man standing there at the door, his figure bent slightly

forward, his eager, intent fact watching her. She started, but in a moment recovered herself and went to him.

"You have come this far by your own efforts," she said, "and I will help you with the last steps as I would have helped you with the first if I had been in time."

"I know it," said Wharton. Her act appealed to him as one of heroism and of sympathy, too, for him. The great cloak that wrapped her about had a high hood which was now drawn over her head. But he saw the tint of her face, within the encircling black folds, deepen into a crimson blush as he looked at her. But Wharton was a gentleman to the bone, and he looked away.

"I knew that you would help me if you had the chance," he said. "I have felt it from the first."

"My brother sleeps soundly," she said, "and so does Elias, but we should make haste."

He noticed even at that moment how she used the word "we," but she gave him no further time for thought upon the point as she led the way at once to the front door, unlocked it, and stepped out upon the porch, followed by Wharton.

It was a wonderful, dazzling, white night. The snow had ceased to fall, but it lay deep on valley, slopes and peaks. A slice of silver moon hung in a sky of unbroken dusky blue, and it was so light on the mountains that Wharton could count the trees as they filed away in rows over the ridges. There was no wind, and silence overhung the wilderness.

"I owe you much, how much I do not know, nor do I know why," he said to Cynthia, "but I will tell you good-bye now. Yet it is not for always. I mean to see you again, and nothing can prevent me except yourself."

He seized her hand, and before she could rescue it he had held it rather longer and rather more closely than usual.

"You are not rid of me yet," she said when the rescue was effected, and she laughed a little when she spoke, perhaps not with displeasure. "Do you mean to walk? Come, I will show you your horse."

She led the way through the snow to the little dark stable, and in its shadow he saw not one, but two horses, saddled and bridled, and one of the saddles was for a woman.

"It is a long, wild ride over the mountains," she said, "and you do not know the road. I am going to show you the way."

Wharton was anxious enough to escape, but there he stopped; no woman should risk herself in such a manner for him.

"I cannot let you do such a thing," he said.

"It is not for you alone," she said, turning laughing eyes upon him. "I am as anxious as you to get to Morrison—this house is no longer a place for me—and I have an uncle there who will take care of me. If it were not for you I could not go, for I would not dare the flight alone over the mountains. You serve me as I serve you."

He gave her his hand, and, strong and agile, she sprang into the saddle. He was in his the next moment, and then they rode together down the cove. The snow was deep, the feet of the horses making but little sound, but Cynthia showed the way with certainty.

The road curved and they began the ascent of the slopes. It was a sheltered path, much protected by trees and overhanging rocks from the snow, but Wharton saw that alone he never could have followed it.

They were far on the ridge now, and the cove and its house were lost behind them. Around them was a wonderful silence, and they two were alone between the white world below and the star-shot sky above. Wharton felt a great thrill of exultation as they rode together, he a mountaineer and she a

mountaineer, her figure strong and reliant, her beautiful face showing now and then from the folds of the dark hood.

They began to talk by and bye, and she disclosed a pure, untroubled soul, one innocent in thought as well as action. Wharton reflected that he was doing a good deed in taking her away from her brother, and putting her with her uncle at Morrison, where she could have what a woman needed.

They rode all night without stopping, and their talk was easy, like that of an intimacy coming from long acquaintance. Day came out of a gray mist and the white world sprang into the glittering sunlight. Wharton suggested that they stop a little while and rest in a sheltered cove, and then from an unnoticed bag tied to her saddlehorn she produced food.

They rode on again, under skies of cloudless blue, and they talked little now. Small houses of logs, stowed snugly away in coves, began to appear, and at last the station rose up from the white expanse. They had passed the first straggling houses when he said to Cynthia in tones which she could not misunderstand:

"I should like to tell you how I wish to thank you, Miss Farrell, but I cannot. Now if you will show me which is your uncle's house, I will take you to it."

"Oh, you need not do that," she replied. "I would rather go there alone."

It seemed a natural thing to say when she was in such a position, but his attention was caught by a certain trembling in her voice. He looked at her with eyes that sought out every expression of her own, and she shivered and grew afraid. The red in her cheeks deepened, and, unable to bear his gaze longer, she let drop her eyes.

It was a moment of revelation, like a thundergust to Wharton.

"You have no uncle in Morrison!" he said.

The head sank lower.

"And you have risked everything, everything that is dear to a woman, for me?"

"I wished to save you and to save him, too, who is my brother."

With bent head and drooping glance she made a powerful appeal to Wharton, a man of high impulses.

"You cannot go back," he said, and his tone was so earnest and soft that she flushed more than ever, "nor can you stay here alone, having come with me: then we must go together to—the capital!"

"Together? To the capital?" she exclaimed, raising her head.

"Not as we are now, but as husband and wife. I love you already. How could I help it, seeing you as you are, the one woman in the world for me, and knowing that it will be the making of my life's happiness for you to be my wife!"

He spoke with his heart in his voice and his soul in his eyes. She, hearing him and seeing him, knew that he spoke the truth, and, yielding a little at first, presently she yielded all.

"If you wish it so much," she said, "then I will marry you."

Morrison was a county seat, a license was soon obtained, a minister as quickly, and two hours later they were married in the parlor of the little hotel, a half-dozen of Wharton's friends looking on and envying his great fortune. An hour afterward they were on the train for the capital, and the world in its robe of white looked very heavenly to both of them.

She did not speak for a long time, but after a while she said:

"Albert, you must not think too badly of my brother because of what he has done. You will like him when you know him better."

"I like him now," he said. "Hasn't he given me you?"

When no one was looking he kissed her.

The following day the House was assembling in the old Capitol, and everybody knew that it was to be a memorable session. The Judiciary bill, making great and vital changes, had already passed the Senate and today it would come up in the House, where it was known to all the public that the vote would be extremely close. But only the shrewdest of them knew that with Wharton, of Rupert County missing, the vote would be a tie, and hence the bill would be lost.

And Wharton was missing. That was one of the wonders of the little capital. The young member from the mountains had been so eager, so zealous in support of the bill, he had fought for it so valiantly and with such effect that the people now could not understand his disappearnce. It was known that his father was out of danger and that he had departed for the capital in good time, but then the mystery followed. No one had seen of heard anything of him, and scandal was busy with his name, saying that he had inducements to stay away.

It was a clear, winter day, the ground deep in snow, and the sun glittering on roofs and walls. The members passed slowly into the Capitol, grave with the weight of responsibility, but speaking occasionally of Wharton and his strange absence.

Down in a dim corner of the lobby sat two men, saying little ,but now and then exchanging a satisfied glance. They were lobbyists, skilful and supple of mind, and they were friends of a circuit judge in the mountain district, to whom public report recently had not been kind. It was said, and there were proofs, that he had notoriously failed in the performance of his duty, and everybody knew that the passage of the Judiciary bill would unseat him.

"It was a clever trick," said one of the lobbyists at length, "and Nick Farrell was just the man to do it for us. It was lucky that he owed the judge a good turn."

They said no more just then, but looked toward the floor of the House where the members were still coming in. Suddenly the man nearest to the floor turned white, and his companion, who followed his startled glance, forced an oath between his clenched teeth.

Albert Wharton, the member from Rupert County, was walking down the aisle on his way to his desk, and he bore himself very proudly. In his eyes shone a singular new light, the light of a quiet, intense happiness.

There was a buzz of excitement in both House and lobby, and the members began to crowd around Wharton and ask him questions. But he only shook his head and smiled.

"I will explain all presently," he said.

The House went into session, the Judiciary bill was called up, and the vote was taken. When the name of the member from Rupert County was called Wharton arose and said:

"I thnk I owe the House a word of explanation for my absence, which may have seemed a compromising thing at such a time. The fact is——"

He hesitated, but, smiling proudly, looked over the House, which was silent and intent. Then he continued firmly:

"The fact is, I stopped on the way to get married."

The House burst into applause, and, far back in the lobby, a young woman of remarkable beauty blushed deeply, but happily.

Then Wharton voted in the affirmative, the clerk continued calling the names, and, when the whole vote was taken, the Judiciary bill passed by a majority of one.

Some Reminiscences of the Firing Line

A War-Time Diary

(The following is an exact copy of a Diary kept by G. W. Clemmer, of Company "C." 3rd Tenn. Confederate Volunteers. From 1861 to 1863.)

(CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH.)

September 27th. We were relieved and returned to camps, where we arrived about 1 in the night. On the 29th our Company again went on picket on the old Braddock road. Oct. 3, Company C went on picket at Burch's station, which is on the railroad 3 miles from Fairfax station. Oct. 5, our Regiment made a picket trip to the Accotink creek, about 7 miles from camps. Monday the 7th, Company C went on post. On the same evening a dark arose in the west, and presently the rain began to fall in torrents, and continued till morning. We got some plank from a fence near our post and made a tolerably good shelter, and had a fine time. While sitting under our shelter, the rain pouring down in torrents, Jasper McConnell remarked, "well, if the yankees are fool enough to come after me such a nght as this, they may take me, if they will bring a covered wagon." While he was watching the post, he halted an old cow and wanted her to give the "signal."

October 8th. We were relieved by the 17th Mississippi Regiment. When we started to the Regiment we found that the creek had risen several feet, from the effects of the previous nights rain. The foot logs had all been washed away, and it was impossible to cross without wading; with hearts cheerful and full of glee, the Polk County boys "pitched in" where it was about 3 1-2 feet deep. They laughed and "hollowed" like school boys playing ball. When all were safe across the creek, Col. Reece "pitched in" and followed the boys. We then cooked and ate our dinners in the mud; and marched to camp in the mud.

October 13th. J. C. Donaldson and J. M. Charles came into camps, bringing clothing for the Polk county boys. On the 14th, Company "C" was detailed to guard the station. October 15th, we received marching orders which were afterwards countermanded for the time. About 8 in the evening, we were ordered to strike tents, cook two days rations, and burn everything that we could

not haul nor carry. About this time the Athens brass band came to the camps and began to play Dixie, which enlivened the boys very much. After loading up our wagons, we piled up all surplus property and set fire to it. The whole brigade did the same, which produced a grand sight. It very much reminded me of the torchlight procession in Benton the night before we left there. Old wagons, ambulances and boxes were heaped up and burned as useless property. This was done to prevent the enemy from using it, should they advance and occupy our ground.

Having cooked our provisions and loaded our wagons, some of the boys lay down to sleep, while others stood around the fires till 3 in the morning, the different Regiments were then formed, and we took up our line of march for Centerville. We arrived there at 2 P. M. and pitched our tents in a field one mile South of the town. On the same day all the forces that were encamped around the Court House and station fell back to Centerville and began to throw up breastworks and forts of earth.

November 1. Our Regiment went on picket on the Alexandria and Winchester road, about 4 miles from camps. About 8 o'clock on the same evening, the rain began to fall very fast, and continued to fall almost incessantly for 36 hours. During this time some of our boys took shelter in an old barn, but the most of us held up our heads and took it like a flock of geese. On the evening of the 3rd, some of our boys went to camp, and brought back some whiskey. The boys drank this, some of the boys got a little "tight," and we had a jolly time. On the 5th we were relieved and we returned to camps. November 11th, we made another picket trip to the same road, near Germantown, remained 4 days, were relieved by another Regiment, and returned to camp.

November 15th. Thirty of Company C signed a petition for Capt. Douglass to resign, his office, the next day I presented the petition to him, and had a long conversation with him on the subject. Nov. 24th, at 7 P. M. we received orders to be ready to march next morning at 11. On the same night mess No. 13 raised an argument on philosophy, phrenology, fatalism, and other subjects, in which we all engaged with interest till near midnight, having a very interesting debate and a funny time. Nov. 25th, the different Regiments were formed, our brigade marched to Centerville, where we underwent a general review, and then returned to camps. Nov. 26th, we again marched out to the picket line near Germantown and relieved the 13th Virginia. On the 28th, Gen. Stuart took three Virginia Companies, two Companies out of our Regiment and 200 Cavalry, they proceeded beyond the Court House, where they expected to find a number of yankees; they found the Court House and vicinity almost deserted, and no enemy there. Nov. 29th, we were relieved and returned to camps. Dec. 4th, we received orders to be ready to march with 2 days rations. Having gathered up our guns, blankets, equipment, etc., the order was countermanded for the night and we retired to rest. On the 7th at 10 our brigade marched out for general review. Gens. Johnson, Beauregard, Smith, Elsey and others were present and complimented our officers very highly, on the performances, particularly, those of our Regiment. After the review was over the different Regiments began to cheer the generals, and such yells as the Tennesseeans sent up are scarcely ever heard.

Dec. 9. We had orders to march about 1-2 mile to the East and witness some punishment that was to be inflicted on two soldiers. At 10 the Regiment was formed and marched out to the place of execution. Our whole

brigade and another full brigade were present; and besides these the 9th La. Regiment and 6 or 8 thousand stragglers were present to witness the scene, making in all about 12,000 to 15,000 men. A hollow square was formed around the place of execution; an extensive hillside on the east was covered with soldiers, a neighboring house and every bush and tree was loaded with them, all anxious to see the proceedings. Presently the wagon containing the victims rolled up, with a guard of four companies around it. When the wagon halted the two victims stepped out accompanied by a priest. They were dressed in the uniform of the 9th La. Regiment, to which they belonged. They wore an extra white apron and their hands were tied behind them. The priest caused them to kneel before him, he prayed for them, and performed his ceremonies, pouring the "holy water" upon them. After this an officer rode up and read the charge and the sentence. The charge was that they had made an assault on a sentinel and then tried to kill the officer of the guard, the sentence was, they were to be shot to death. The victims were then caused to kneel, each one with his back to a stake prepared for that purpose, to which they were tied and then blindfolded. By this time the scene began to be a serious one, and one that would touch the feelings of any man, unless his heart was made of adamant. There were two guilty victims at the point of being shot, while thousands of eyes were looking on with interest, and thousands of hearts were beating for the fate of these two wretches. Presently the signal to fire was given and two victims tumbled over, the blood gushed forth from several wounds, and in a moment their souls were launched into eternity, there to be judged according to their works. Their bodies were taken up, placed in their coffins and they were buried within a few feet of the place of execution. The crowd then dispersed and we marched back to camps.

Dec. 18th, at 6 P. M., we received orders to be ready to march the next morning; on the next day the whole brigade struck tents, loaded up their wagons and were ready to march. We then took up our line of march and marched to the railroad two miles northeast of Manassas Junction, where we pitched our tents and began making preparations for building winter quarters.

Jan. 2nd, 1962, we completed our little cabins and moved into them, there to remain till spring. On the 4th, half our Regiment marched out on a picket trip to the Winchester pike near Germantown. On the previous night, it had turned very cold, and had been snowing; it was a very disagreeable time, yet the boys shouldered their muskets, and marched off hollowing like school boys. We marched to the picket lines, 8 miles from camps, built up some fires and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. On the 5th it came Company C's turn to march out and stand picket 24 hours. We were not permitted to keep fire on our posts, but we kept some in the woods about 50 yards from the posts. About nine in the night the snow began to fall very fast, the wind blew very cold and we had nothing to shelter us except our blankets. What few minutes we slept was on the ground with a single blanket over us, and that covered with snow. At 3 next morning we were relieved by the other Companies of the Regiment and returned to our quarters. On the 7th we were relieved by a Virginia Company, and returned to camps where we arrived at sunset. January 19th, our forces in Kentucky met a defeat at Fishing Creek, in which Gen. Zollicoffer was killed. When this report came to Col. Vaughn and the report that our forces were retreating toward Knoxville, he sent a dispatch to President Davis asking to be sent

to East Tennessee. The president answered him that if his Regiment would re-enlist for the war he would order him to Tennessee. Col. Vaughn then had the Regiment formed and explained to us the proposition, and took the voice of the Regiment in regard to re-enlisting. When the question was proposed, about half the Regiment stepped forward, thereby expressing a willingness to re-enlist. The Col. sent this result to the President, and began to make up volunteers for the war, but this soon fell to the ground. About a week afterwards the Cols. of all of the 12 months volunteers received orders to enlist as many as they could for the war, pay them $50.00 bounty, and give them a furlough of from 30 to 60 days. About 200 of our Regiment re-enlisted under these provisions, of which number, thirteen were of Company C. They received their bounty and furloughs and left camps for home. Feb. 9th. Our battalion again went on duty on picket to the railroad between the Junction and Fairfax Station. The weather was very pleasant during this trip, except the last day, when the snow fell very briskly for a while, making it rather disagreeable.

Feb. 14th. Col. Vaughn received orders to take his Regiment to Knoxville, Tenn. The news was so welcome to him that he came out and gave a whoop, announcing this glorious news, the Regiment then burst forth into one unanimous shout, which was continued for some time. On the 15th, all were busy packing up their goods and getting ready to leave for Knoxville; at the same time it was snowing so that by the next morning it was 6-inches deep and the air was very cold. Feb. 16th, the cars came near our camps, we marched out and mounted them, and were soon off for "Our own homes, our brave Tennessee," as the boys sung while returning to their native State. On the 17th, we arrived at Lynchburg in the morning, where we lay over till 4 P. M. A train was then loaded and rolled out for Bristol, while about half the Regiment was left behind to follow next day. Feb. 18th, we arrived at Bristol where we found a part of the 2nd Tennessee Regiment, and a number of other soldiers. Owing to the cars being crowded, and some of them failing to come, we were detained there till the evening of the 19th. At the same time the train which was to bring the remainder of the Regiment from Lynchburg encountered a slide in the railroad near the Central depot, which detained them 2 or 3 days. On the morning of the 19th we left Bristol, and proceeded down the railroad, finding at many bridges some of our acquaintances guarding them. About 1 in the night, we arrived at Greenville, where we lay over till 7 in the morning. We then set out for Knoxville, where we arrived at 12 o'clock. Company C took up quarters in a large church on the north of town, while the other companies were stationed in different parts of town.

Feb. 22d and 23rd, many of our acquaintances and friends from home came to see us and to stay a few days with us. On the 27th, our Company and Company A, received orders to be ready to march. About 10, we marched out, got on the train and went to Strawberry Plains. There we remained 6 days, scouting the country, and watching for tories to cross the river on their way to Kentucky, but found none. On the 5th of March we returned to Knoxville.

On the 5th of March, I, and five others, left for home on a leave of absence for 6 days. On the 14th, the Regiment was ordered to Kingston, got on the boat and proceeded to London, where they were ordered back to Knoxville, by railroad. This order was issued in consequence of the defeat of Capt. McClary's and Brown's Companies at Big Creek gap. About 1,200 infantry and 200 cavalry had crossed the moun-

tain at that place, fired on those two companies, killed 2 men, took some prisoners, and all of their baggage and most of their horses. The Regiment returned to Knoxville, received orders to cook 3 days rations, for a march to Jacksboro. On the 16th, they marched 9 miles; the 17th they arrived at Clinton. On the 21st, the Regiment accompanied by the 20th and 23rd Alabama Regiments marched for Cumberland gap. A few minutes before the Regiment was formed to march, I, and my squad, arrived in camps from home. We marched 6 miles, the order was countermanded and we returned to Clinton. On the 24th, the opportunity of re-enlisting under the bounty act was again offered to our Regiment. Seventeen of our Company then re-enlisted, got their bounty and furlough, and left camps for home. March 25th, we took up our line of march for Kingston, accompanied by the two Alabama Regiments and the artillery, leaving a N. C. battallion at Clinton. At 12 on the 27th, we arrived at Kingston, and camped near the fair ground 1-2 mile North of town. On the evening of the 28th while on battallion drill, we received orders to be ready to march in two hours. Our Regiment, the 2nd Alabama, several Companies of cavalry crossed the Clinch river after dark, and marched toward Montgomery. After marching about 10 miles, we lay down and rested till morning. At 7 we resumel our march, and about 10 we halted in about 1 mile of Wartburg. There the cavalry which was in the rear passed us and charged through Wartburg where they expected to find a bunch of tories, collected together for the purpose of drilling; but finding none there they charged on through Montgomery, where they found a few men collected. They took some prisoners, but most of them fled to the mountains and escaped. In a few hours the Alabama Regiment came up and we took up quarters in the deserted houses of Wartburg. On the 30th our Regiment and some of the cavalry set out through the mountains towards Huntsville, while the remainder of the cavalry took another road. We marched 7 miles, halted, cooked dinner, and rested till 11 in the night. We then resumed our march, but the road was so rough and it was so dark that we marched only 2 miles, then built up some fires and rested till daylight. We then resumed our march and about 7 o'clock crossed the Cumberland Mountains. About 3 P. M., as we marched down a ridge, our advance guard was fired on from the opposite hill by a squad of 12 or 15 men. Our guard returned the fire, when the bushwhackers fled. At the same time the cavalry had come into the valley about a mile from us, engaged the enemy, killing 2 or 3 and taking 18 prisoners. They had left the prisoners in charge of a guard at the house of Capt. Robinson, while they went up a small creek to engage the enemy. The bushwhackers took advantage of their absence, appeared on a cliff near the house, and fired on the guard, killing two or three of the prisoners. At this time several of the prisoners escaped, but the guard got away with some of them and carried them to Montgomery. The engagement being over, our men were collected together, and we took up quarters for the night. The place where we camped was in a valley about 300 yards in width, lying on both sides of the Brimstone river. We pressed everything we could find in the way of provisions and had plenty. At sunrise the next morning as we were cooking breakfast, a company of bushwhackers fired on our pickets which were posted on a cliff near our quarters, ran them from their posts, and then fired into the whole encampment. Every man flew to his gun and the cavalry to their horses, and in a short time the companies were formed. Col. Vaughn sent two companies around the cliff to sur-

round the enemy. These companies having got in rear of them, a short engagement ensued, when the enemy fled, leaving 17 killed and carrying off several wounded. Our loss was 4 killed and 11 wounded. Everything then becoming quiet, we finished our breakfasts. About 9 o'clock we prepared to march. We then set fire to a large barn and corn crib belonging to Capt. Robinson, this man being captain of one of those bushwhacking companies that had been annoying us so much. We burned several corn cribs, meat houses, haystacks, etc., and drove all of the cattle off out of the valley. We marched 1 mile down the river, crossed it and marched in a southern direction, at the same time the cavalry was ordered down the river, and across into another valley, where they plundered the whole country, drove out all the cattle, carried off all the provisions they could, and burned the remainder. We marched about 9 miles and took up quarters for the night.

April 2nd, early in the morning, the 20th Alabama Regiment came to us, remained a short time, and we all returned to Wartburg. On the 3rd we marched for Kingston, taking with us 22 prisoners, 40 or 50 horses, and 200 to 300 head of cattle. April 4th, we arrived in camps at 10 A. M. April 10th, the two Alabama Regiments were ordered away and left for Corinth, Miss. On the 11th at 4 P. M., we received orders to cook up all our provisions, and be ready to march. At 6 the regiment was formed, all the baggage loaded up, and we marched for Lenore's Station. We were to meet Gen. Smith at that place, and it was supposed that we would there take the cars for Corinth, Miss. But as we marched through Kingston, a courier bearing a dispatch from Gen. Smith, in which he countermanded the previous order, and we returned to our old camping ground. April 27th, half of our Regiment marched to the river, loaded our baggage, and took the boat for Clinton, the boat returned to Kingston and brought up the remainder of the regiment.

April 30th, we received orders to cook 4 days rations, and be ready to march. About 6 P. M. our Regiment and four others, with a number of cavalry and 6 pieces of artillery, crossed the river and marched towards Jacksboro under the command of Gen. Smith in person. We marched about 8 miles and about 9 P. M. lay down to rest, at daylight we resumed our march and at 10 came in two miles of Jacksboro, where we halted and remained till next morning. We then marched through Jacksboro, passed Big Creek gap and took up quarters near Woodson's gap, 2 miles beyond Fincastle. On the 3rd, Gen. Smith with most of the infantry and a batallion of cavalry, crossed the mountain after night, with the intention of surprising the enemy near Boston. But the mountain path was so rough they could not travel it in the darkness of the night. At the same time it was raining and the men had no blankets with them, so they had a very disagreeable time. They returned the next day without affecting anything. On the 6th we marched back to Big Creek gap, a distance of 7 miles. The 7th we marched back to Woodson's gap. On the 9th we marched 2 miles up the valley, and camped near Childers gap. There we received information that our regiment would re-organize on the 14th. We marched back to Big Creek gap on the 10th. May 12th, Col. Vaughn was ordered across the mountain with a scouting party of 600 men, composed of a detachment from our regiment and the 20th and 23rd Alabama regiments. We marched about 12 miles over rough mountains, and through deep ravines, till midnight, when we lay down on the top of Pine Mountain and rested till morning. At daylight we were aroused from our slumbers and resumed

our march, along the top of the mountain. About 9 A. M., we came near where we supposed the enemy were encamped. We then marched slowly and cautiously down the mountain, taking a circuitous route through a dark forest, in order to get between the enemy's pickets and their camps. But when we arrived at the place, we found that the enemy had left a few days previous. This very much disappointed our boys, for they expected to have a fine race after the yanks. We then returned to camps by a very rough road, which had been blockaded for several miles by falling timber and rolling large rocks into it from the sides of the mountains. This had been done by Gen. Zollicoffer's command several months previous. The 14th was the day of the re-organization; every person seemed to be very busy, for nearly all of the Regiment were candidates for some office. At 11 o'clock, the election was held, and resulted as follows: J. C. Vaughn, Col.; N. J. Lillard, Lieut. Col.; D. C. Haskins, Maj. In Co. C, the election was as follows: J. W. Fender, Capt.; A. D. Donaldson, 1st Lieutenant; S. H. Smith 2nd, and G. W. Fields, 3rd, Wm. Crockett, 4th, and S. H. Selvidge, 5th.

May 19th, we marched towards Cumberland gap; the first night we camped near Childers gap. On the 21st, we arrived in 7 miles of Cumberland gap, halted and took up quarters, where we remained until the 25th; we then marched back towards Big Creek gap where we arrived on the 25th, and found another brigade there, under the command of Gen. Reynolds. On the 26th, a scouting party of 20 men, composed of 100 from our Regiment and 100 Georgians, were sent across the mountain under the command of Lieut. Col. Lillard. They crossed the mountain, went about 4 miles from camps, when their advance guard were fired on by a party of the enemy. They returned the fire and fell back to the main body, which threw them into confusion. The enemy then fired again, and retired. Our party waited some half an hour for them to come again, and started back to camps with a loss of one man taken prisoner. When the news of this skirmish reached camps, the regiments were formed and marched into a field in front of the gap, where they lay down and remained till morning, they then returned to camps, and about 4 P. M., the one lost man, whom the enemy had taken in the skirmish, returned to camps, having escaped from the guard. He reported that the enemy had 1,000 cavalry and a small body of infantry at the place where he was captured.

June 2d, another detachment of 700 infantry and 150 cavalry, was sent across the mountain under the command of Col. Allston. About 12 on the 3rd, they arrived on the top of Pine Mt., near the place the enemy was supposed to be camped. About 100 men were then sent down the mountain, but found no enemy there. They then returned to camps, where they arrived June 4th, at 2 P. M.

June 7th, our forces all left Big Creek for Knoxville, except a few companies of cavalry which were left to guard the gap. On the 9th, we arrived at Knoxville, took the cars and proceeded to Loudon, where we remained until the 10th, waiting for further orders. This was done in consequence of a number of yankees appearing on the west bank of Tennessee river opposite Chattanooga, and throwing bombs across into that town. But after bombarding the place for 2 days, they retired, our forces were not needed there and were ordered back to Knoxville. While at Loudon, I was very unwell, got a furlough and left for home on the 10th. On the 11th, the regiment went back to Knoxville and there took up the line of march for Clinton. They arrived at Clinton about 12 and remained at our old camp-

ing ground a few hours, and then crossed the river, but shortly afterwards they were ordered to recross the river, which being done, at dark they were ordered to send off all the baggage. Having complied with this order, at 3 in the morning they were drawn up into line of battle, where they remained till sunrise. They then marched up the South side of Clinch river about 16 miles, and at dark lay down by the roadside and rested till morning. June 14th, resumed their march, and took dinner at Priceville, after which they marched three miles and stopped for the night in one mile of Tazewell, and there learned they were ordered to Morristown. On the 16th started at daylight for Morristown without breakfast, marched 8 miles to Clinch river, and there halted and waited for wagons. After getting breakfast, they marched to Bean's Station, where they took up for the night. June 17th, at daylight took up the line of march, crossed Holston river, and after taking breakfast marched to Morristown. There they took the cars, proceeded to Knoxville, arrived there about sunset and lay on the cars till morning. The regiment then marchea out to Flint Hill to take up camps, but was immediately ordered back to the depot. From there they marched out to the Van Dorn camp on the Knoxville and Kentucky R. R. where they took up quarters. On the 19th, our Company was paid off for 4 months service. June 23rd, had orders to cook three days rations. On the 24th marched 18 miles to Blain's Cross roads, where they arrived about dark. On the 29th, marched 5 miles and took up camps on Flat Creek at Camp Taylor. On the 30th the forces were marched out towards Priceville, with a view of cutting off a foraging party of Federals, but learning that they had gone back across the mountains, they returned to camps where they arrived at 12 o'clock. July 2, I arrived at the Regiment finding it at Camp Taylor on Flat Creek, about 10 miles from Strawberry Plains. On the 6th a detachment of 700 men of our brigade was sent out towards the Clinch river. On the same day, a part of Gen. Reynold's brigade and two pieces of artillery passed our camps, going on after our brigade. They marched to Clinch river where they halted and sent out some scouts. The cavalry scouts went near Cumberland gap, but could find no enemy, which they came and reported on the evening of the 7th. On the morning of the 8th our boys again returned to camps.

July 9th, we marched 4 miles toward Strawberry Plains, and took up camps one mile from Blain's Cross-roads. Here we remained for several days, the time mostly being taken in drilling under Gen. Taylor.

On the 20th we marched in the direction of Princeville, about sunset we camped in about 2 1-2 miles of that place. About 3 in the morning, we were aroused from our slumbers, and started towards camps, after marching back to Cedar Ford, we changed our course and marched up Flat Creek about 7 miles. We then took up quarters near Powder Spring gap, on the North side of Clinch mountain. Here we remained till the 27th, having no baggage with us except two bakers to the Company which was all we were permitted to take with us. On the evening of the 27th, we marched across the mountain and took up quarters 2 miles from Powder Springs. July 28th at 3 in the morning, we were aroused from slumber, the Regiments were formed and began to march in the direction of Rutlage. When in 2 miles of Rutlage, we halted, rested and took breakfast, and about 11 marched back to our old quarters near Powder Springs. July 9th, we marched back to camps near the cross roads before breakfast, a distance of 8 miles. August 4th, early in the mornng marched towards Priceville. After marching in 2 miles of that place,

we turned to the right and marched in the direction of Tazwell. About 6 P. M. we halted near Capp's Ferry on the Clinch river, a distance of 18 miles from camps. We there lay down to rest with orders to be ready to march at midnight. At 2 o'clock we were called up to march, but before the Regiment was formed the order was countermanded, and we again returned to rest. August 5th, at 12 M., the long roll was beat, the Regiment was formed and we crossed the river. After forming the Regiment on the north bank, Col. Taylor, the commander of our brigade, addressed us in a short speech, in which he said we were going to meet the enemy. He said the whole army looked to our Regiment for the mainstay in the battle, he wanted us to follow our Colonel and he knew he would take us to the right place. We then marched on towards Tazewell. Gen. Barton's brigade in front, our's next, and Reynold's in the rear. We marched about 8 miles, and at 10 halted 4 miles from Tazewell, where we lay down and rested till morning. August 6th, at daylight, we were called up and formed for marching. The forces that marched out consisted of our Regiment, the 46th Alabama, belonging to our brigade; the 40th Georgia, and 31st Alabama, belonging to Barton's brigade, were also placed under Gen. Taylor and marched out with us. We marched 1 1-2 miles and halted and sent out scouts to find the position of the enemy, and about 9 we filed off to the right in the woods where the enemy were stationed. After marching about a mile through thick woods, our skirmishers which had been sent out to discover their position, returned and reported the enemy formed in line of battle only a few hundred yards in advance of us. Our regiment was then formed in front of their line about 100 yards from them, two other regiments were formed on our right and one on our left. The place was so thick with underwood that we could not see the enemy. About the advance, the enemy fired into the thicket with a large cannon, but did no damage. Shortly after this our regiment began to advance, when they fired a volley of musketry at us, and killed two or three of our men. We then returned the fire with great fury. Col. Vaughn ordered us to charge them, we raised the whoop, charged to the fence where they were stationed and ran them from their position. They fell back to another hill, and a general fire commenced which lasted about two hours. During this time none of our troops had been engaged except our regiment, the other regiments still remaining in the woods. They were then marched up into the field, a line of battle was formed and Col. Vaughn ordered a charge. The Regiments on our right began to advance and fire upon the enemy, which started them from their positions on the right. At the same time our regiment raised the whoop, and went charging down the hill on their left. The enemy then left all their positions and fled to the other side of town, our regiment following and charging them to the edge of town. Then they formed and planted their batteries on a hill about 1 mile west of town, and began to throw bombs at us. We returned to the battle field, which was on a hill about 1 1-2 miles east of town. They fired their cannon at us about 2 hours, our artillery came up and returned the fire, which continued till dark. In this struggle, our regiment did nearly all the fighting. Col. Vaughn, Lieut. Col. Lillard, and Maj. Haskins all acted very bravely. About 6 o'clock, we marched back to the place where we had been the night previous, leaving two or three regiments encamped on the battle field, and in the edge of town. After night had thrown her dark curtains around, the enemy retired to Cumberland gap. They left on the field all their knapsacks, blankets, commissary stores, and

nearly everything they had. Our regiment lost 9 men killed and 35 wounded. The enemies loss was unknown. This ends my account of the battle of Tazewell, August 6th, 1862.

August 9th, our baggage all came up from the cross roads and on the 10th we marched 4 miles northward and camped about 3 1-2 miles east of Tazewell. August 16th, we had orders to cook 3 days rations. Having done this, at 3 P. M., our wagons were all loaded and at 4 o'clock the Regiment was formed and marched into a field for general review. Gen. Taylor made his appearance, and after reviewing and inspecting us, we stacked arms and waited for further orders. At 7 the orders came and we marched towards Tazewell. About 9 we arrived in the edge of town, where we lay down and rested till morning. At daylight we were called up and marched through Tazewell, and proceeded on towards Cumberland gap. The division was under the command of Gen. Stevenson, and consisted of 4 brigades. These brigades were commanded by Reynolds, Raines, Barton and Taylor. Taylor's brigade was the rear of the army. About 9 o'clock we crossed Powells river, the enemy began to throw bombs from the gap at Reynolds brigade, which had driven in their pickets, and taken a stand three miles from the gap. We marched on and formed a line of battle in the woods, with Reynold's brigade in front of the gap, Raines on the left, and Barton's on the right. Our brigade was placed in the rear of Reynold's as a reserve. At the same time this movement was going on, Gen. Smith with a large force crossed the mountain at Wilson's gap and took possession of the road at Cumberland Ford, thus cutting off communication between the gap and the Federal forces in Kentucky. By these movements we had them completely hemmed in, and there we remained for several days trying to starve them out and make them surrender. On the 22nd the enemy sent out a foraging party, which went into a cornfield on our right and gathered about 15 loads of green corn; while there the pickets fired at them and had a considerable skirmish with them. Gen. Barton sent for re-enforcements and our Regiment marched out to assist them, but before we arrived the enemy had retired with their forage. We then took up quarters for the night, and next morning we returned to our old quarters. On the same evening Hilliard's Legion came up from Knoxville, and Reynolds' brigade was ordered across the mountain to join Gen. Smith. Our brigade then relieved Reynolds' brigade in front of the gap, while Hilliard's Legion was kept as the reserve. On the 25th there was considerable skirmishing on the picket line. On the 20th there was cannonading on the right, a number of our boys ran to the top of the hill to see it, when the enemy began to throw bombs at us from the gap. Some of them fell and exploded in 50 yards of our regiment, but did no harm. August 27th, I was detailed and sent back to Tazewell to guard our baggage. On the night of September 17th, the enemy at the gap burned all their property at that place and evacuated the gap. On the 18th and 19th our forces crossed the mountains in pursuit of them.

I still remained at Tazewell, while there my health became so bad that on the 14th of October, 1862, I left for Knoxville. I reported at the convalescant camp, was there examined and received a furlough for 60 days. Afterwards, my health continuing bad, received an honorable discharge from the service.

(THE END.)

Ten Men of Money Island

S. P. Norton

Chapter XVI.

A Financial Crash

IT has been seen in a former chapter that Discount issued three paper promises-to-pay for every piece of coin that he had on hand. Let us see how the system worked, when "specie payment" was demanded.

Things had been prosperous with him for many years; he had accumulated much property—which, however, he had carefully covered up in the name of his wife and his friends. He had set aside a certain limited amount to use in his banking business; the rest of it was so judiciously disposed of that it would be difficult for creditors (should he ever have any who were importunate and exacting) to get hold of it. It is a way bankers have of doing things, even in other places than Money Island.

His credit money (bank notes) was still taken readily by the people; no one questioned his financial responsibility. At least, no one questioned it openly. Now and then there were mysterious hints, and strange suggestions concerning his ability to redeem all of his paper money, but no one had dared or desired to incur the displeasure of such a formidable member of the community by publicly expressing any doubt upon the subject.

He now had 50 coin pieces on hand, and 150 paper promises outstanding. Aside from that he had quite a large amount of "deposits," belonging to his neighbors.

One day Grindem, who held quite a number of bank notes, took 20 of them to Discount and got the coin. This took from the bank *two-fifths* of the entire specie reserve, leaving only 30 coin pieces on hand. But there was still outstanding 130 bank notes. The proportion of paper to coin was thus changed from three-to-one to more than four-to-one.

The next day, Makem called and got 5 more bank notes redeemed. This left only 25 pieces of coin on hand, but there were 125 bank notes outstanding. The proportion was now 5 to one. Although only *one-half* of the "basis" had been withdrawn, only *one-sixth* of the notes had been "redeemed." And this is a fact that specie-basis advocates should not lose sight of.

The very next day, Plowem was in town and he happened to have some of Discount's notes in his pocket. He overheard a little conversation between Grindem and Donothing about Discount's bank, and being a little suspicious, Plowem suggested that he had twenty pieces of Discount's money in his pocket, and wondered "if he hadn't better go and get them redeemed." Suiting the action to the suggestion he started out for the bank. On the next cerner Reapem hailed his neighbor Plowem as to where he was going. Upon being informed, he joined the other, for the purpose of getting some 15 or 20 pieces of paper money which he happened to have redeemed.

The action of these men soon aroused the comment and then the suspicions of others; and, true to human nature, no sooner was the subject of money mentioned, coupled with a doubt of its value, than every man thought of the money which he himself possessed and every one was eager to have it redeemed.

All other business was dropped, and in less than two hours time every man on the Island who held any of Discount's bank notes was hurrying off to have them redeemed. The air was

full of rumors; some thought Discount would be able to meet his obligations promptly; others expressed the opinion that it was a rotten concern; some said he was honest, and others that he was a knave. But no matter what people thought, every man was anxious to get to the bank as soon as possible; every one wanted to get ahead of the others. From walking fast, some of them fairly ran, so eager were they to get there and get their notes "redeemed." It might in fact have been called in this country "a run on the bank"; and there were certainly evidences of the existence of a "panic" in the feelings and the actions of the people—so that it might perhaps be called " a panic," as well as "a run on the bank."

In all there were no less than 125 of Discount's promises-to-pay being taken to his bank to be redeemed—and only 25 pieces of coin in the great financier's strong box to do it with!

And now, oh, wise and sagacious advocates of "specie basis" money, tell us how banker Discount can "redeem on demand" 125 bank notes "payable on demand" with 25 pieces of coin!

And now, oh high and mighty financiers, who believe in a paper money "convertible into coin on demand" tell us how these men are going to get 125 paper promises "redeemed" when there are only 25 pieces with which to do it!

Rise up, oh ye shriekers for "honest money," and tell this "great financier," Discount, how to "redeem" five promise-to-pay bank notes with one piece of coin!

Do not hesitate; do not delay, for there is a crowd of anxious men clamoring for the "redemption" of their "specie basis" bank notes!

Here is Sledgehammer—only a few years ago deprived of his home by this very banker, because he could not pay "promptly" a note and mortgage—he has a few of this "great financier's" bank notes in his possession, "payable on demand," and he now demands their "redemption." Because his promised coin is not forthcoming he denounces banker Discount to his face as a knave; he calls his banking system a fraud; he threatens punishment and prosecution by law. He recalls the time when this same great financial, who held his head so high and laid down banker's rules and regulations for the people to follow, would not extend the time of payment on his note, but compelled him to sacrifice his home and turn his wife and children into the street. With eyes flashing with anger, with a face expressive of just indignation, he confronted Discount face to face and exclaimed: "*Your system is a fraud and the man who practices it is a knave!*"

And who among you, oh wise financiers, you specie basis advocates, you howlers for honest money, dare rise up and say that Sledgehammer was not right?

Aye, the system itself is a fraud—no matter who practices it, be it private individual, corporation, or national government.

Just at the present time there are in the United States some $300,000,000 of greenbacks outstanding—theoretically based, by the so-called Resumption Act, upon $100,000,000 of gold coin in the treasury; three promises-to-pay for every dollar of coin in the treasury. Who does not know that it would be an utter impossibility to redeem $300,000,000 of greenbacks with $100,000,000 of coin if they should be presented for payment? And who is so dull-witted that he cannot understand that if these greenbacks were promises to *receive* instead of promises to *pay*, the government could easily redeem them by receiving them for taxes? And who does not smile at the absurdity of the government's forcing (by taxation) its people to pay into the treasury 300,000,000 of coin dollars in order that the government may turn right around and pay it back to the

people in redemption of the $300,000,000 of outstanding greenbacks which the people themselves hold! Should there ever be a surplus of greenbacks let the government *tax them in and burn them up*, instead of pursuing the ridiculous, round-about method of taxing in coin, exchanging it for the greenbacks, and then burning the greenbacks.

Is this coin basis (with three dollars of paper for every dollar of coin) *system* any the less a fraud when practiced by a nation of 60,000,000 people than when practiced by Discount on Money Island?

There are tens of thousands of old men in the United States today who will recall the old "state bank" system of money, and will readily see that this simple illustration of Discount's paper promises-to-pay is nothing else than that same old system of "wildcat" money. Many of them will recall similar "panics" and "runs upon banks."

It simply and forcibly illustrates the so-called "specie basis" system of finance.

No banker will issue bank notes if he is compelled to keep an equal amount of coin on hand for redemption purposes, for there is no profit in that kind of circulation; and any other system is simply a fraud—an ingenious device to rob labor of the fruits of its toil.

* * * * *

The story of what followed the panic, and run on Discount's bank is soon told. Not only did the note holders demand redemption of their notes, but the "depositors" also rushed to the bank to get the money which they had deposited with the great financier. Of course, no one wanted any more of Discount's paper money; every "depositor" wanted the coin; so that including noteholders and depositors there were about twenty demands for coin for every piece that Discount had.

It is useless to say that the "great banker" had to "close his doors" and go into liquidation. Of course he had notes, mortgages, securities, etc., on hand, but in the hard times which followed, money was very scarce and all this property, after paying expenses of settlement—most of which went to Donothing who acted as assignee—there was not enough to pay creditors more than ten per cent of their claims. The property which had been transferred to his wife and friends of course was not given up. It was kept for future use. This custom is not an uncommon one, even in the most enlightened and civilized countries.

But even these direct losses were not the worst. The sudden annihilation of the greater part of their circulating medium, consisting as it did of Discount's bank notes, was a great blow to the commerce of the Island. Money was so scarce that those who bought and sold goods could no longer buy or sell; those who employed labor could no longer dispose of their products, because there was no money in the hands of customers with which to buy; those who happened to be in debt, being compelled to surrender their property to the sheriff. Prices were low, and yet no one could buy; labor was plenty and yet few could find employment.

Inasmuch as Donothing had been entrusted with the duty of looking after the affairs of the government he was called to account for the unhappy state of affairs. Although he, generally, had no reason to find fault—for he had really profited not a little in the matter, through the collection of fees, commissions, services, buying up property at a sacrifice, etc—he found it necessary to appease the people as best he could. Because Reapem had grain on hand that he could not sell Donothing told him that he "raised too much grain." To Dressem, who had a large quantity of unsold clothing on hand, he said "that he had made too many clothes." "In fact," he said, "it is

evident that there is an *overproduction.*" In vain Sledgehammer, Foreplane and others pointed out the fact that *they* were not suffering from "overproduction"; in vain did they plead that their families needed bread and clothes; Donothing persisted that "business had been overdone," that there was an "overproduction"—to prove which he triumphantly pointed to Reapem's unsold wheat and Dressem's surplus stock of clothes—and that no matter how wise a financial system might be, "there *would be* periodical panics and depressions in business." He talked so learned, and when talking looked so very wise and solemn, that he found many persons who believed what he said. In fact, so completely did he succeed in pacifying the people that the very next year he found no trouble in securing another term of office.

In the meantime, banker Discount retired to private life, and lived upon the property which he had so discreetly and kindly transferred to his wife during the times when business was prosperous with him.

Chapter XVII.

Another Financial System

After enduring hard times, discouragements and discontent for a number of years, matters became somewhat settled in our little community of Ten Men of Money Island. It is true, in the commercial maelstrom which followed the collapse of Discount's bank and his system of specie-basis money, quite a number went down beneath the waters, only to float to the surface again as the driftwood of a wreck at sea is brought to shore by the shifting winds and tides. But the men were all industrious, and still full of hope and energy. Even Sledgehammer and Foreplane began to pick up a little, though far from being what they once were. They had never regained the lost paradise of the first few years of their existence on the Island. Would they ever see such glorious days of peace and plenty? Why had they fallen? Why could they not recover their lost ground? During the years that they had been there they had toiled early and late; had lived frugally and temperately, and yet they were poor; while, on the other hand, Discount and Donothing, who had produced nothing at all, were living on the fat of the land. Why should such a condition of affairs occur? Surely, said they, it must be in consequence of the uneven and unjust laws and customs that have been adopted. But exactly where the mistakes had been made they could not tell. They had not yet fully comprehended the blasting effects of usury, banking, laws for the collection of debts, etc. The experience of the community with a private banker's specie-basis money had, however, given them a lesson in the laws of finance that they were not liable to soon forget. But alas, they did not know how soon the same old enemy was to approach them from a new and unexpected quarter.

It occurred that in course of making internal improvements, acting under the advice and direction of Donothing and Discount, quite an amount of interest-bearing obligations had been issued by the government. They were held by various parties, and in various amounts. Every six months interest had to be paid upon them, Donothing of course acting as collector of taxes and disburser of the amounts collected.

Discount had become tired of his retirement; the soreness that existed against him had gradually worn away; the old injustice had been partly forgotten and partly forgiven. Having had nothing to do, he had invested—for the sake of an income—quite an amount of his money (in his wife's name) in the interest-bearing obligations (bonds, they may as well be called) which the government had issued.

After several conferences with Donothing, he proposed that, instead of issuing bank notes payable in coin, he would deposit with Donothing a bond calling for the payment of 100 pieces of coin, provided Donothing would let him have 90 promises-to-pay, in small denominations, signed by Donothing as agent of the government. Donothing quite readily fell in with the scheme. There was some opposition among the people, but Donothing and Discount argued the latter to them in this fashion: "Here are these bonds bearing six per cent interest; the government has to pay the interest every six months; they are perfectly good, of course, because they are signed by the government. Discount will deposit 100 of them as security for 90 of the notes guaranteed by the government, and he is willing to pay a tax of *one per cent* on the 90 paper promises-to-pay. This will afford quite a handsome revenue to the government, that it otherwise will not get. It makes a perfectly safe currency, affords an income, and why should it not be done?"

Such were the arguments used, and so impressive were the ideas that it would afford a perfectly safe currency, give the people money to use and at the same time bring in a certain per centage of revenue, that the proposition was accepted.

Discount deposited his bond and took 90 promises-to-pay guaranteed by the government. The notes were something as follows:

> Discount will pay the Bearer on demand —— coin pieces.
>
> **Discount, Banker.**
>
> This note is secured by a bond of Money Island deposited with Donothing.
>
> **Donothing, Government Agent.**

At first some of the people were a little shy of accepting these notes, inasmuch as Discount was issung them; but when they saw that they were secured by a deposit of government bonds they accepted them readily.

Discount opened another bank, and professing to have seen the error of his old system of bank notes, was very loud in his praise of the new system. "Here," said he, "are bank notes based upon the credit of the whole Island. It is the combined credit of every man in the community. I have deposited ten per cent more of bonds than I have issued notes, therefore the government is amply secured as well as the notes."

In a short time Discount was again doing a flourishing business. He had not divulged all the mysteries of the "new system." It was not necessary, he thought, that he should do so. It was quite satisfactory to himself; and, inasmuch as it afforded additional fees, Donothing thought it was one of the "best systems" that could possibly be devised.

Discount loaned out his 90 new promises-to-pay, upon which he got an average of 10 per cent, making 9 pieces every year as interest upon the notes. And then every six months he called around at Donothing's office and got 3 per cent more—6 per cent during the year—on the bond. This made 6 more pieces; the 9 pieces from the people, and the 6 pieces from the government made 15 per cent. It is true that he had to pay a tax of one per cent on the 90 government guaranteed paper promises, but he still had a net income of 14 per cent, so that his profit was quite satisfactory. He complained more or less about the tax—but when reminded quite sharply by Sledgehammer that every other member of the community also paid taxes, he had less to say about the subject.

His double rate of interest—one from the people, and the other from the government—gave him quite a handsome income; but the "deposits" which soon began to be made were a still greater source of income to him. And

the fact that in some way, he was associated with government in the business, gave additional confidence in his new banking enterprise. Thus it was, that even the government itself was aiding a broken down banker to build up and maintain a banking system that invited the confidence of depositors—notwithstanding the fact that the government was not at all responsible for *deposits.*

The new sysem was unquestionably an improvement upon the old one. It was nothing more or less than a paper money based upon the credit of the whole Island in its corporate capacity as a government. The money itself was a decided improvement upon "the specie-basis money" which he formerly issued. There were, however, certain defects in the system which will appear hereafter.

* * * * *

An incident occured which illustrated one peculiarity of the new system. Plowem had heard the matter discussed, but did not get a very clear idea of it. He heard that Discount was really borrowing money of the government at one per cent and loaning it out to the people at 10 per cent. He innocently thought that if Discount could borrow money at one per cent he could. Therefore he caused to be executed upon his farm a small mortgage, not more than one-tenth the value of it, and took it to Donothing and asked that he might deposit it and draw 90 per cent of its face value. Donothing not only refused to grant the request, but seemed quite amused to think that a sensible man like Plowem should even think of such a thing. He explained to him that the government simply loaned money upon government bonds, and not upon real estate, no matter how good the latter might be.

"Suppose," asked Plowem, "that I go and exchange my mortgage with some one for a government bond, can I then get the same kind of money that you issue to Discount, and at the same rate?"

"I cannot," said Donothing, "under the law, let you have less than 90 pieces. If you want to get a government bond for 100 pieces and bring it here I shall be happy to let you have 90 government guaranteed paper promises-to-pay."

"But," replied Plowem, "I do not want 90 pieces. I only want 9. I should have no use for the other 81 pieces."

"If that is all you want," sarcastically suggested Donothing, "I would advise you to go to banker Discount and get them."

Plowem left Donothing's office not a little displeased at what seemed to him an injustice. The security which he offered was equal to that of a government bond, for the amount of money which he wanted. He could not understand *why* the government should let Discount have money at one per cent, and at the same time refuse the same favor to another member of the community. The fact that the sum which he required was smaller did not appear to him to constitute a reasonable ground for the refusal. He could not understand clearly why he should be compelled to go to Discount and pay 10 per cent for money which the government (of which he constituted a part) loaned to Discount at one per cent. Why should Discount step in between him and his government and make a clear 9 per cent profit on a loan of money?

Other people in this busy land known as the United States, may perhaps find it difficult to explain why such a discrimination should be practiced between people of the same government—but such people are very scarce. Most of the people in the United States seem to think that it is perfectly just and equitable. They even uphold precisely the same system. They grant to certain corporations the privilege of borrowing money of the government at one per cent and loaning it out to the people at whatever rate

they can get for it. They allow these corporations to draw two rates of interest—one from the government and the other from the people.

Some people may say that when Discount deposited a government bond with Donothing, and the latter issued 90 per cent of paper money which could be loaned out to the people, that the amount so issued should have been endorsed upon the bond and the interest stopped to that extent. Such an idea would seem to be even-handed justice. There are few men who, if they were owing a $1,000 note would pay off $900, and be kind enough to still continue to pay interest upon the whole $1,000, the same as though nothing had been paid. And yet, such is in effect the national banking system in the United States; such was the system upon Money Island. The government in both cases in effect pays off 90 per cent of the bonds that are deposited, and yet very kindly and considerately pays interest on the full face of the bonds.

There may be here and there a Plowem who cannot fully understand the "equity" and "wisdom" of the system—but as a whole the people seem to rather enjoy the thing, for like patient oxen they carry the burden without a murmur. In fact, the greater the load the more enthusiastic they become in their praise of the Donothings who impose the burdens.

Chapter XVIII.

How the New System Worked

In spite of the apparent defects of the new system of finance and banking described in the last chapter, it flourished so well that in due time Discount once more became the dominant spirit in the community. Once more he became the lord and master of the commercial world. He accumulated money as rapidly as in the days of specie-basis money.

By having the power to inflate and contract the volume of money he had the power to control prices. If it was to the interest of himself or his friends to contract the volume of money he did so. If money could be made by inflation, then inflation was the order of the day.

He had every man beneath his thumb. If a man wanted money to use, he was compelled to borrow it at the bank. If a man was in debt, the burden of interest money kept him in debt. There was no apparent escape from the penalty of usury. No business flourished as grandly as Discount's. He could make 20 per cent on his capital where others could make but 3 per cent.

Every year the line of demarkation between the rich and the poor became more and more clearly defined. Beyond a certain point, it seemed impossible for the poorer class to pass, while in the accumulations of the rich there was apparently no limit whatever. Though they might work ever so hard, Sledgehammer, Foreplane and Pickaxe could do nothing more than barely eke out an existence. Now and then for a year or so they would do very well; wages would be high, and they lived quite comfortably. But it might happen that the very next year wages would be so low that they and their families actually suffered for the bare necessaries of life. Bickerings and quarrels between employer and employe were of frequent occurrence, and occasionally the police force had to be called upon to "put down" an angry employe because he protested too loudly against what he regarded as an unjust exaction on the part of his employer.

Property became more sacred than human happiness. The "rights of property" were impressed upon the minds of the inhabitants constantly—by the owners of property. And the more "property" a man had, and the

more questionable the methods by which he obtained it, the louder he talked about the sacred "rights of property."

The sacred rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were almost entirely forgotton. No doubt they were considered as "cranky notions" peculiar to the class of men who once spent seven years of their lives upon battle-fields for the purpose of founding a Republic upon the principles of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

It is pleasant to record the fact, however, that there was a certain discontent and dissatisfaction existing in the community, which boded no good to the existing order of things. Sledgehammer had not forgotten the loss of his home. Plowem was still cogitating upon the unjust discrimination exercised in the matter of loaning money. Foreplane could not reconcile himself to his present condition in life; the gulf between him and those who did not work a quarter as hard as he did was altogether too wide. There was too close a friendship and a too great community of interest between Donothing and Discount to pass unnoticed. The new banking system began to be discussed, and its aspects pointed out. The reason why the government should loan to one particular person money at one per cent, and not to every other member of the community was a cause of a great deal of discussion. The government money that was issued in the earlier days, for the purpose of building a bridge, was frequently referred to and the question was asked: Why should it not be restored? Instead of letting one man issue all the money and control its volume, there were quite a number who grew bold enough to assert that the government itself should do it.

All of this discussion and agitation helped to educate the people concerning the matters they had carelessly permitted to pass out of their hands into the hands of their agent, Donothing. It prepared them for the events which followed.

When affairs of Money Island had reached the condition described above, an event occurred which brought a new order of things. Whether or not a similar event will ever occur in any other country, where a like condition of affairs may exist, is not even hinted at in this little history of Ten Men of Money Island. Though it may be safely said, on general principles, that when affairs reach such a miserable condition that the people become restless and discontented there *will some unforeseen event happen—a trifling thing in itself, perhaps, but mighty in its results—that will precipitate and project a new order of things!*

The particular event which occurred on Money Island was a run on Discount's bank by *depositors*. By loaning out too much of other people's money, in his greed to increase his interest income, the astute banker had strained the canvas balloon of credit a little too much. An idle rumor caused a suspicion that there was something wrong in Discount's affairs, and this—sharpened by the recollection of the former panic—did the work. A few men started for the bank to withdraw their "deposits." In vain did Discount protest that his bank was in a perfectly safe condition. The more he protested the more suspicious and distrustful his patrons became, and the more eagerly they demanded their money.

As shown in a former chapter, there was not cash enough on hand to pay more then twenty per cent of what was due the depositors.

The *notes* were all right, for they were secured by the government; but there was no government security back of the deposits. Every man who deposited his money had trusted solely to the responsibility of Discount. This is the condition of national banks in the United States to-day; it was the

condition in 1873 when there was such a rush of depositors that the banks were compelled to close their doors—and wait till they could squeeze enough out of their customers, by calling in loans, to tide matters over.

The scenes of the former panic were almost completely re-enacted. There was some confusion, crimination and recrimination, anger and despair, desperation and disappointment.

Business men were ruined; workingmen were thrown out of employment; suffering from starvation and cold became common; crime increased; the jail and the poorhouse were again filled with criminals and paupers.

A worse condition than that which followed the former panic now ensued. As a consequence, the inhabitants became so aroused that when Sledgehammer carried a banner through the streets, on which was printed the significant words "SOMETHING MUST BE DONE," and called upon the inhabitants to meet at a certain place on a certain day to publicly discuss matters, there was such a spontaneous response of the people that they fairly made the hills echo with their shouts.

Just what was done will be shown in the following, and concluding, chapter.

CHAPTER XIX.

Prosperity and Happiness Once More

The inhabitants of the Island met in the public hall, and at the first meeting resolved that the first step in the programme of reform should be *a thorough discussion of the cause and cure of the present unhappy state of affairs.*

A series of meetings were held, in which nearly every man took part. Donothing did not want any change; he thought that in due time, the remedy would come of its own accord. Discount was sullen and quiet, though he had much to say privately about the "sacred rights of property." Sledgehammer and Foreplane did a good deal of talking; Reapem and Plowem did a good deal of thinking; Grindem and Dressem hardly knew what to say, or which way to turn. Pickaxe and Makem were inclined to follow the lead of Sledgehammer and Foreplane, but hesitated about encountering the illwill of Discount and Donothing.

One of the first things to be accomplished was the adoption of some law which should equalize the condition of the different members of the community as much as the natural abilities and qualities of men would permit, and thus restore them to their former estate of equality. Some suggested the violent confiscation of accumulated property, and its equal distribution among the inhabitants. Others urged other methods of bringing about similar results. It was finally agreed, however, that a new system of taxation should be inaugurated; that the poor man should be almost wholly exempt from taxation, while the rich should bear the most of the burden. It was enacted that every man should pay into the treasury a certain per cent of what he made every year in his business—the amount being increased, even, as the income increased. If a man made 100 coin pieces, as a clear net profit in a year, he was to be taxed 10 per cent on the first 50, and 20 per cent on the second. If he made 200 pieces he was to be taxed on the first 100 the same as the man who made only 100, and on the second 100 he was to be taxed 30 per cent. And so on till the tax in the highest grade amounted to 50 per cent of the entire net income. By this means the poor man escaped taxation; the rich man not only paid most of the taxes, but his accumulations were gradually cut down and his ability to accumulate was most materially curtailed.

This proved a very successful means of bringing about that condition of affairs most essential to the well being of a truly republican form of govern-

ment—viz: a state of comparative equality of wealth; at least, a state where enormous wealth on the one hand and monstrous poverty on the other does not exist.

This wise arrangement answered a double purpose—the equalization of wealth, and the taking of the burden of taxation from the shoulders of the weak and putting it upon the backs of those best able to bear it.

The next step was to prevent the concentration and control of money in the hands of one person. This was accomplished by practically abolishing usury (as shown hereafter) and thus making it *unprofitable* for any person to *make a business* of loaning money. By engaging in the business of loaning money it followed, as a natural consequence, that money would accumulate in the hands of that one particular person. By driving Discount out of the banking business, he could offer no inducements to depositors to put their money into his hands so that he could loan it out. And as he could not accumulate through usury he had no use for money except as it was necessary as a medium of exchange. Thus was prevented the withdrawal of money from its natural channels of commerce and its concentration in one single center. Money was thus driven out where it belonged, just as a physician will drive the congested blood from the heart or the brain into the veins and arteries of his sick patient.

Another thing to be accomplished—and that was the most important of all—was to enable people to rid themselves of *debt*. And this was accomplished by a law permitting the government to loan money direct to the people at a low rate of interest—so low that Discount could not compete with the government, and was thus driven into other business. The income derived from interest money on loans to the people was turned into the treasury and used to pay the expenses of the government and thus lightened the burden of taxation. In this way, even those who had no occasion to borrow money of the government derived a portion of the benefit which accrued from the system.

The only man who opposed the proposition of government loans to the people was Discount. He saw in it the destruction of his business as a money loaner; he saw that he would no longer sit beneath the shade of the leafy trees and gather in the products of the labor of those men who toiled in the sunshine and rain. But the people were thoroughly aroused, and they made short work of the "great financier's" objections.

By being able to borrow money at a nominal rate of interest—just high enough so that every one wanted to get out of debt and rid himself of interest money altogether—every man who was weighed down with a burden of debt, was able to lift it off and once more put his feet on solid ground, and breathe the breath of a *free man*. The system injured no one (except Discount) and benefited nearly every one—and surely any system which will accomplish that end ought to find favor in any nation.

Another reform that was inaugurated was the passage of a law forbidding any person issuing money, or any substitute for money. The government alone was henceforth to issue all money and control the volume thereof—and strange to say, gold and silver were absolutely discarded! The paper money of the government, *redeemable by being received for taxes*, was the only money to be used.

This saved the labor of delving in the mines for the "precious metals"—for they had learned the lesson that every day spent in the mines was a day's labor absolutely thrown away.

Another reform was the repeal of all laws for the forcible collection of debts. As one of them said—by a strange

coincidence using the same language used by an eminent writer and statesman in the United States—"he did not see why every other man should turn in and help one man collect a bad debt."

Thus was the cost of suits and courts dispensed with; men were put upon their honor in the matter of paying debts; and more than all it tended to destroy the pernicious credit system.

Still another law which was passed, was one to at once pay off all government bonds and a rigid restriction against the issuance of another interest-bearing bond so long as the government should exist.

The above were some of the various reforms inaugurated. Other laws were passed, but as this history refers principally to financial affairs it is not necessary to record other changes that were made.

The following is a recapitulation of the more important changes that were made:

Government paper money; no gold or silver.

Government loans direct to the people.

A graduated income tax.

No government interest-bearing debt.

The repeal of all laws for the collection of debts.

Laws tending to a comparative equalization of property, and the abolition of the debt and credit systems.

* * * * *

Years have passed since the social revolution which ended in the inauguration of the reforms set forth in the preceding pages.

Another visit to Money Island shows a most marvelous change.

Peace, prosperity and plenty reign.

Want and misery have disappeared.

The jail was long since torn down, as there was not a criminal upon the Island.

The poor-house has been converted into a museum for the preservation and exhibition of a large collection of curious things and valuable relics of the past—among the latter being a few gold and silver coins and one of Discount's specie basis bank notes.

The former occupation of Discount having been abolished he had gone to farming, and he became so disgusted with his former name that he had changed it to Useful.

Donothing had so little to do as a government official, that to better suit his present occupation he had changed his name to Dosomething.

Sledgehammer had recovered his former home; and, in fact, there was not a single tenant on the whole Island—consequently not a single landlord.

Every man was out of debt. So that there was no need of a law for the collection of debts.

The products of labor were so equitably distributed that less than four hours' work per day sufficed to provide sumptuously every man, woman and child upon the Island with all the comforts and even luxuries that they sought or desired.

Envy, jealousy, hatred, covetousness, greed and avarice had become completely eradicated from the breasts of all—for where each and every one had all that he could reasonably ask, and no one had an undue proportion of what had been created by all, the cause of all these hateful and sinful passions had been thoroughly removed.

Conclusion

If what has been written shall suggest even a single thought, or inspire a single act, towards the consummation of that great era, when Peace, Prosperity and Happiness shall reign throughout the world, then the writer will feel amply repaid for the work which he feels he has, though earnestly, yet most imperfectly, performed.

THE END.

The Baby Show

BECAUSE of the number of pictures to be judged, it has been impossible for the judges to give their verdict in the Baby Show, and we will not be able to announce the winners until the next issue of the Magazine.

This is greatly regretted by the Baby Show Editor, as parents and friends are becoming impatient and seem to think the delay has been an avoidable one.

The winners will be published in the June Magazine, and their photographs reproduced.

Omar Khayyam's Grave

Josiah H. Combs

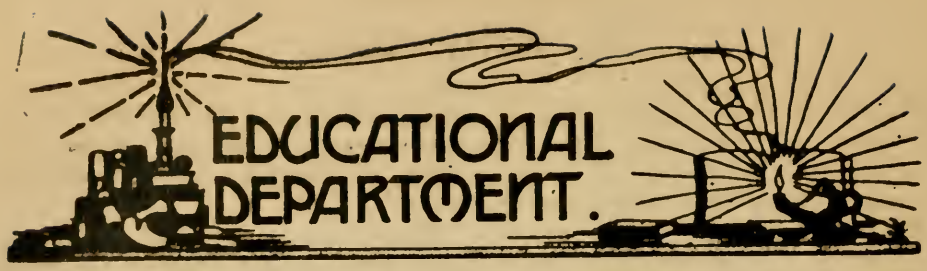
I saw the solitary Ringdove there,
And "Coo, coo, coo," she cried; and "Coo, coo, coo,"
(Anonymous, from the ruins of Persepolis.)

Then, wandering through Khorassan let me pause
At Naishapur, where Khayyam framed the Laws
Of Verse incarnadine; there let me dream
Of Omar, Quatrains, "Madness" and its cause.

If such should be I'd stop beside his Grave,
And then with Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup I'd pave
A pathway back through seven centuries,
To revel in the Madness that he gave.

A drop of Wine, upon the Turf I'd pour
To quench the thirst of one gone long before;
For ay, the Saki hath his Dust confined,
Which drifteth thither to return no more.

With Roses lastly would I interlace
The Turf, and sadly turn away my face
To bid the Saki, when the Spot is viewed,
To turn an empty Glass upon the Place.



HOW "JACOBS & CO." HELP THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.

Dear Sir: On the back page of Watson's Magazine for March you say that you were refused advertising space in many religious papers. I noticed the "Arkansas Baptist" was mentioned with other publications.

Am I to understand by this that the "Arkansas Baptist" refuses to advertise your Magazine?

What does "Jacobs & Co." have to do with the religious press?

Will you please explain in May issue of your Magazine?

Yours for the right,
Bromide, Okla. W. S. MONCRIEF.

Answer:

It is this way, my son:

Jacobs & Co., of Clinton, South Carolina, represent to the business managers of those Protestant papers that they—Jake & Co.—are more systematically prepared to secure advertisements for them—the papers—than they can ever hope to be. Therefore, Jacobs & Co. persuade said papers to give to them the **exclusive** control of the advertising patronage. The papers enter a contract to that effect, and afterwards they are not allowed to accept any advertisement to which Jake & Co., object.

I have been doing my best to increase the revenues of those religious papers, but in vain. Jacobs won't let me. He is afraid to wound the feelings of the Roman idolators.

When I send the advertisement to Jacobs directly, Jake returns it. When I transmit the same to the paper direct, they forward it to Jake, and Jake fires it back at me.

Those Protestant papers have got themselves nicely tied up, haven't they?

Resembles the selling of a birthright for a mess of pottage, and then not getting the pottage.

Whether Jacobs is a lineal and circumcised descendant of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, I am unable to say.

But he has tied those religious papers up in a knot, which he carries around in his pocket.

Lest we forget the names of those spiked Protestant guns, I will give you their names again.

They are—

Alabama Christian Advocate, Alabama Baptist, Baptist Advance, Arkansas Baptist, Florida Baptist Witness, Christian Index, Golden Age, Presbyterian of the South, Wesleyan Christian Advocate, Illinois Baptist, General Baptist Messenger, Baptist Flag, Pentecostal Herald, Northern Christian Advocate, Baptist Chronicle, Jewish Ledger, Baltimore Southern Methodist, The Baptist Record, Mississippi Baptist, Central Baptist, Church Progress, St. Louis Christian Advocate, Western and Sunday Watchman, Word and Way, Christian Evangelist, Social Circle, Round Table, Front Rank, North Carolina Christian Advocate, Presbyterian Standard, Raleigh Christian Advocate, Charity and Children, Biblical Recorder, Herald of Gospel Liberty, Christian Leader and the Way, Baptist Oklahoman, Jewish Criterion, A. R. Presbyterian, Baptist Courier, Lutheran Church Visitor, Southern Christian Advocate, Christian Appeal, Thorneweli Messenger, Primitive Baptist, Baptist and Reflector, Gospel Advocate, Cumberland Presbyterian Banner, Firm Foundation, Pentecostal Advocate, Religious Herald, Baptist Banner.

Of course I did not expect the ad. to be accepted by a Romanist paper. The rejection of it is on other and broader ground. What is to become of this country, where Romanists are so aggressive, and Protestants so cowardly? T. E. W.

AS TO SOUTHERN "SLAVE MARKETS."

Dear Sir: Will you kindly tell me if there ever was in any city in the South, such a thing as a "Slave Market"—a structure devoted exclusively to the public sale of slaves?

I know that slaves were publicly sold before the Court House like other property, but I never heard of a public "Slave Market."

In St. Augustine, Fla., there is a sort of pavilion in one of the streets that is pointed out to visitors as "the old slave market," but several of the old citizens told me the story was only intended for "gullible" people.

2. Was there any difference in the methods North and South of buying and selling slaves?

Yours truly,
Kirkwood, Ga. B. M. ZETTLER.

Answer.

At Louisville, Georgia, there is a building, in the middle of the Main street which is pointed out as the "Old Slave Market." There may have been similar structures in other villages and cities of the South. But I think that the slaves were usually put up "on the block," and auctioned off.

Very frequently negroes were advertised in the newspapers and sold at private sale. This was done North and South.

I remember one of these advertisements, in a Boston gazette, which described a negro woman as "a good breeder."

In the same New England papers that published the Declaration of Independence there were advertisements of negroes for sale.

Our Mrs. Lytle tells me that the alleged slave-market in St. Augustine is a structure which encloses the town-pump. It has a roof, supported on open arches.

The building in Louisville is of the same character, and it, also, encloses the town pump.

Mrs. Lytle suggests that such a place would naturally be that at which most people, in the town and visiting it, would congregate, and that, therefore, it would be the best place from which to sell chattels and lands—in fact, anything offered at public outcry.

I think her idea may very well be the correct one.

I WILL REACH THIS, BY AND BY.

Washington, D. C., April 11, 1912.

Hon Thomas E. Watson,
Thomson, Ga.:

Dear Sir: A good many people, myself among them, would like to have you explain, fully, in your Magazine, what is the origin and the reason for the infamous practice of the Roman Catholic Church, of compelling Nuns to allow their heads to be shaved, and to wear the outlandish style of clothing they do, including the band on forehead and ridiculous and uncomfortable hoods they wear, though I suppose the band and hood are designed to hide the hideous appearance they would otherwise present after the priests had shaved their heads, or had it done.

Please give your readers a complete exposition of this disgusting and criminal practice. I say criminal, for I take it that no woman would willingly, and of her own volition, allow her hair, the crowning glory of womanhood, to be thus sacrificed and kept sacrificed.

Very truly,
D. C. ARTHUR BURLSON.

AS TO ALTARS ON OUR BATTLE SHIPS.

In Reply Address
The Secretary of the Navy,
And Refer to No.

NAVY DEPARTMENA,
Washington.

April 2, 1912.

Sir:

I am in receipt of your letter of March 28, 1912, relative to the reported installation of a Catholic altar on board the U. S. S. Utah.

In reply I beg to inform you that the Department has no knowledge of such installation and your letter has been referred to the Commanding Officer of that vessel for such statement as he may desire to make.

Very respectfully,
BERKMAN WINTHROP,
Acting Secretary of the Navy.

Mr. Thos. E. Watson,
Jeffersonian Publishing Co.,
Thomson, Georgia.

Office of the Secretary
DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY,
Washington.

April 13, 1912.

Sir:

Referring to your letter of March 28, 1912, relative to the alleged installation of a Catholic altar on the U. S. S. UTAH, I beg to inform you that this matter was referred to the commanding officer of that vessel for statement.

The commanding officer reports that an oaken stand with flat top has been provided for the chaplain of the UTAH, who is a Catholic. This stand folds and is stowed in a canvas bag when not in use: its cost was twelve dollars, and it was presented to the Chaplain by the crew to replace one that has grown shabby from long service, the presentation remarks being made by a member of the Jewish faith.

You are further informed that similar stands are issued to other ships for use in divine service regardless of the Chaplain's faith.

Very respectfully,
BERKMAN WINTHROP.

Mr. Thomas E. Watson, Editor,
Jeffersonian Publishing Company,
Thomson, Georgia.

FROM THE AUTHOR OF "SOME PHASES OF THE KENTUCKY HIGHLANDS."

Dear Sir: I learn, from the April number of Watson's Jeffersonian, that Mr. J. W. Jones, of Marshville, N. C., is a reader of The Jeffersonian Magazine. That is good; I am also a reader of The Jeffersonian. In the Educational Department of the above number, Mr. Jones calls attention to some "vital errors just found in the March issue current volume of Watson's Magazine, written by 'Josiah Henry Combs,' on 'Some Phases of the Kentucky Highlands."

First, I wish to disdain the idea that I am writing The Jeffersonian. I would be misleading the public as to my journalistic ability, should I entertain such an idea, besides doing Mr. Watson a great injustice. In the "catalogue of errors," ante, I am accused of "deliberately or unknowingly misrepresenting the Primitive Baptist," by saying that the Primitive Baptists, believe in Infant Damnation. Mr. Jones further calls my story a "thrust," and says that its mission is to "mislead." Again, he warns me to guard myself against "hearsay."

Now, I take it that Mr. Jones, although he is a good Primitive Baptist, does not understand the term, "infant damnation," as championed by many of his brethren, in Kentucky and Virginia. Let me state, just here, that in these two States, there exist two bodies of Primitive Baptists—the Free-Will Baptists, and the Hard-Shell Baptists, both of which are divided on the question of infant damnation. The Free-Will Baptists believe that certain human beings are predestined to destruction, and that no course of events could possibly reverse their fate. Of course, this is a narrow phase of predestination. Then, since the so-called Free-Will Baptists take this view, they include, within the pale of the "Condemned," a number of infants, who have not even reached the age of accountability. This, then, is what they term "infant damnation," Mr. Jones. Is any infant that dies condemned to destruction, Mr. Jones? Many of your brethren in Kentucky and Virginia are preaching this strange doctrine, and yet are not "withdrawn from as heretics." Since I am a Kentucky mountaineer, myself, Mr. Jones, I can say these things, because I have seen and heard as many Primitive Baptists as you have, Ergo, no "hearsay." I love the mountaineers, and many of my best friends are Primitive Baptists. Ergo, no "deliberate and ignorant misrepresentation." Again, since my article had reference principally to the Kentucky Highlands, no attempt was made to discuss the tenents of the Primitive Baptists of North Carolina,—which State claims Mr. Jones.

A few questions, Mr. Jones, of North Carolina: First. What historical foundation has this non-progressive, anti-missionary, anti-Sabbath School order of Primitive Baptists?

Second. Why do you speak of the Primitive Baptists refuting certain accusations in "all ages?" How old is the "order?"

Third. Do you believe in Sunday Schools, prayer meetings, Epworth Leagues, Christian Endeavors, B. Y. P. U's, and the like?

Fourth. Why is it that the number of Primitive Baptist communicants is fast decreasing?

Fifth. What is the New Testament's view of Missionary activity?

Sixth. Why don't you take the matter up among the various "associations," and "ex-communicate" those incorrigible Kentuckians and Virginians, who believe that even their infants, should they die, may be eternally damned?

So long, Mr. Jones.

JOSIAH H. COMBS.

Rockwood, Tenn.

ENLIGHTENMENT MUST BE FAVORABLE TO PROTESTANTS.

Dear Sir: I was much amused over the-red hot shots fired from the sixteen-inch gun of your mental battery, in the April number of your Magazine, against the Catholic sysetm. When the chapters are put in book-form, I hope the book will sell like hot cakes to a hungry crowd and Protestantism and the authore, be rewarded in results.

However, since the dawn of the freedom of the press and the removal of the fear of being roasted like a herring, have not the vicious features of the Roman system been time and time again exposed in books of force and ability, to say nothing of the dark story told in the many great works of history and also of romance? And yet the Institution has continued its insidious, if stately onward march. At this present day, it remains, perhaps, the greatest subject for investigation that the world affords and worthy the best effort of your genius. Would not what Macaulay said seventy-two years ago apply equally as well now: "We often hear it said that the world is constantly becoming more and more enlightened and that this enlightenment must be favorable to Protestantism and unfavorable to Catholicism. We wish we could think so. But we see good reason to doubt whether this be a reasonable expectation. We see that during the last two hundred and fifty years, the human mind has been in the highest degree active, that it has made

great advances in natural philosophy, that it has produced innumerable inventions tending to promote the conveniences of life, that medicine, surgery, chemistry, engineering, have been very greatly improved, trat government, police and law, have been improved, though not to so great an extent as the physical sciences. But we see that during these two hundred and fifty years, Protestantism has made no conquests worth speaking of. Nay, we believe that as far as there has been a change, that change has, on the whole, been in favor of the Church of Rome.

"We cannot, therefore, feel confident that the progress of knowledge will necessarily be fatal to a system, which has to say the least, stood its ground in spite of the immense progress made by the human race.

"Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching.

"The number of her children is greater than in any former age."

If you could stem this gigantic tide, you would doubtless confer a great blessing on the future of this country, but could you, even, were you a demigod in brains I hope you will be satisfied with the work when it is completed, that it will add lustre to your literary fame and accomplish its purpose.

JEAN JACQUES.

Fort Deposit, Ala.

REMINISCENCES, LETTERS, POETRY AND MISCELLANIES. By J. Staunton Moore. O. E. Flanhart Printing Co., Richmond, Va., Publishers.

This is a volume of nearly 800 pages. In his Preface the author states that he prepared the book, not so much for the public generally, as for his children, relatives and personal friends.

When one turns to literature with this end in view, he has to possess the quaint genius of Montaigne to make his work interesting to those who live outside his pale.

Mr. Moore's biographical sketch of himself is very readable; and his letters home to his family, during the War between the States, are valuable, throwing light upon the every-day camp-life of the Confederate soldier. They teem with illuminating details and give the reader the private's point of view. He tells of skirmishes and battles, marches and bivouacs. There are a sufficient number of these letters to have made a little book about as large as my "Waterloo."

The remainder of Mr. Moore's large volume cannot possibly repay the general reader. It consists of a motley conglomeration of miscellaneous trash—private letters, contributions to newspapers, obituaries, alleged poems, harangues and tommy-rot.

McLENDON, ON INTERNATIONAL TARIFF RELATIONS. By Samuel Guyton McLendon, Atlanta, Ga.

There have been numerous instances of the invalid who seeks solace and employment in the reading and writing of books.

Pope had to be sown up in a sack, every morning. Thierry, the great French historian, was cursed by so many afflictions that he was heard to cry out, in his agony, "Oh, if I were only blind!"

Parkman was practically blind. Presscott labored under the same disadvantage. Heine was a confirmed, bed-ridden invalid. Scarron was paralyzed, and had to be lifted about.

From his roller-chair, Thaddens Stevens dictated the policy of the Republican party, when it was wickedly endeavoring to submerge the whites of the South underneath the horrors of Negro domination.

The blind General Brayton was dictator of Rhode Island for many years.

From his roller-chair, Alexander H. Stephens issued books, conducted political campaigns, and governed the State of Georgia.

In S. G. McLendon, we have another brave spirit who laughs at disease, and who, from the roller-chair to which rheumatism fastens him, issues contributions to political campaigns, and to discussions of economic juestions.

In the book which he has just published, are the evidences of painstaking research and thoughtful consideration.

He deals with the Tariff and his work is valuable! He and I are on opposite sides of that subject, but it must be admitted that he defends his position with a vast array of data, and a lucid cogency of reasoning. While I cannot admit the soundness of his conclusion, I concede the plausibility of his arguments.

THE WOOLLY HORSE. By Alexander S. Bacon, New York City. (Price $1.)

There is only one other book that ought to be eagerly read, at this time, by the American voter, who wants to cast his ballot intelligently, and that other book is Mrs. Anne Riley Hale's "Rooseveltian Fact and Fable."

Mr. Bacon exposes that "revelry in crime," the seizure of the Panama Canal Zone, and the $40,000,000 swindle on the Government, put through by Roosevelt Cromwell, Morgan, Taft and Bunau Varilla.

The "Woolly Horse" is an unfortunate name, giving no hint to the average reader of the vastly important historical and political importance of the book.

P. T. Barnum is not known to the present generation, and his humbug "Woolly Horse," is remembered by extremely few.

The real value of Mr. Bacon's intensely interesting volume will be suggested by a glance at his table of contents:

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"WATERLOO"—(FROM THE DETROIT JOURNAL.)

It is a vastly entertaining story that Thomas E. Watson tells of the downfall of Napoleon, even if it may be historically correct. He is such an enthusiastic admirer of the great soldier that he is apt to let his feelings run away with his judgment and make statements that it is not easy to reconcile. For instance he says that Wellington in issuing his orders on the night before the great battle made a blunder that would have wrecked his army completely had it not been corrected by his subordinates who took upon themselves the responsibility of disobeying orders. On the next morning he says that Wellington was in Napoleon's power, but that neither of them knew it. Yet in summing up he says the Iron Duke did not make a mistake, but took full advantage of all the mistakes of the enemy. Mr. Watson is too partial for a historian, but as a recounter of stirring incidents he takes rank with the best.

For sale by the author, Thomson, Ga.

A Few Smiles

Cautious.—Cook—"Why didn't you call for your dinner yesterday."

Beggar—"I heard that the missus was cooking."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Up to the Minute.—Knicker—"Is this car up to date?"

Bocker—"Well, it is paid for with next year's money."—New York Sun.

Father's Wisdom.—"Father, Alfred has something to say to you to-night."

"Well, and what have you and your mother decided I must tell him?"—Detroit Free Press.

Modern Competition.—"With the good position you had in view why did you break your engagement?"

"My fiancee took the position.—Fliegende Blaetter.

In High Life.—"Don't these parvenus make you sick?" asked Chapley of his vis-a-vis at the Spildorf.

"I don't know," she replied innocently. "I never ate any."—Judge.

Unkind Cut.—"See, I am familiar with your music," remarked the amateur at the musicale the other evening.

"It seems so," replied the popular composer. "You are taking liberties with it."—Judge.

The Very Thing.—"Have you any rubber articles?" asked the man entering the store.

"Surely," replied the salesman. "We have a fine line of opera-glasses."—Yonkers Statesman.

Gaining.—**Mrs. Dingbat**—"I met Johnny Fuller to-day. He says I am filling out."

Dingbat—"It's natural he should say so."

Mrs. Dingbat.—"Why-"

Dingbat—" You were looking Fuller in the face."—Sacred Heart Review.

Objectionable.—"I don't like the looks of that juror with the big ears and the long pointed chin," the defendant in the case whispered to his lawyer.

"He has an ugly mug" said the lawyer; "that's a fact."

"It isn't altogether his looks, tho," confided the client; "he's paying too blamed close attention to the testimony."—Chicago Tribune.

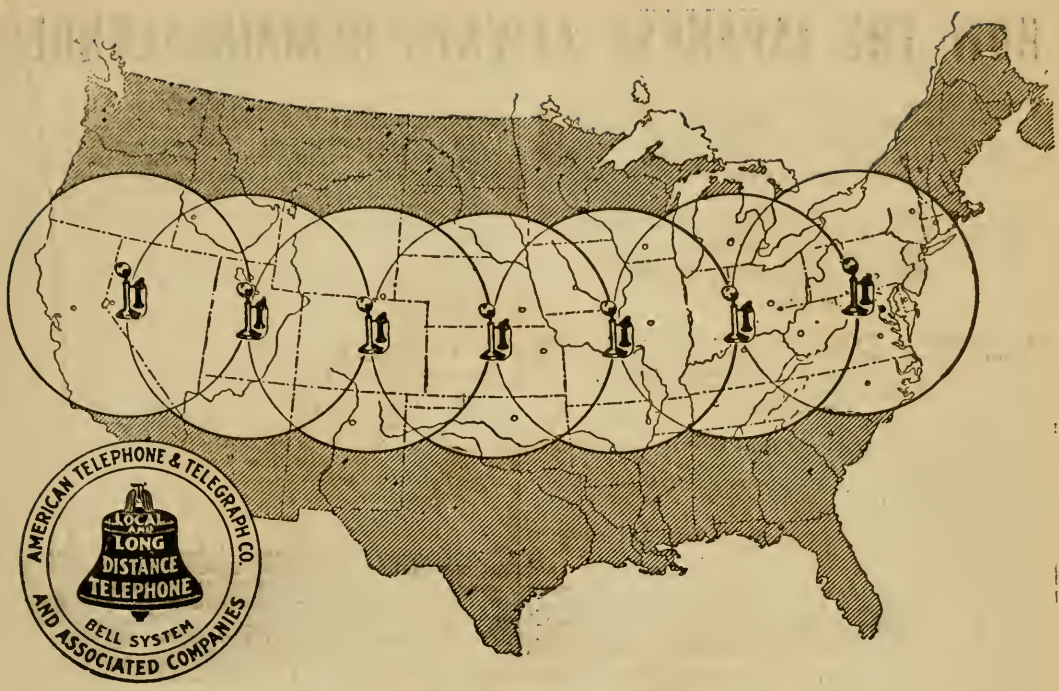
How It Goes.—"Well, George," said the president of the company to old George, "how goes it?"

"Fair to middlin', sir," George answered. And he continued to currycomb a bay horse. "Me an' this here hoss," George said, suddenly, "has worked for your firm sixteen years."

"Well, well," said the president, thinking a little guiltily of George's seven-dollar salary. "And I suppose you are both pretty highly valued, George, eh?"

"H'm," said George, "the both of us was took sick last week, and they got a doctor for the hoss, but they just docked my pay."—Woman's Home Companion.

The Country Editor's Busy Day



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HOW THE JAPANESE ALWAYS REMAIN SLENDER

PROMINENT SCIENTIST AND TRAVELER DISCOVERS LONG SOUGHT SECRET REDUCED HIS OWN WEIGHT 100 POUNDS. NO ONE NEED REMAIN FAT NOW.

How to Reduce Fat One Pound a Day and Then Always Remain Slim. No Drugs, Medicines, Starvation Diet, Exercising, or Apparatus Used. Finds Simple Home Treatment Works Wonders.

Arrangements Now Made to Have All Stout Readers of This Paper Receive a Free Copy of Dr. Turner's Wonderful Book "How I Reduced My Weight 100 Pounds."

On returning from a recent trip Dr. F. Turner, the physician, scientist and traveler, who has won fame and world-wide renown through his writings and scientific researches, accorded an interview to press representatives who were astounded by his loss of more than 100 pounds of excessive fat since they last saw him. They found it difficult indeed, to recognize in the slender, muscular and perfectly proportioned form of Dr. Turner today, the same man whom only a few months ago they knew as a semi-invalid, so enormously fat that he could hardly walk.

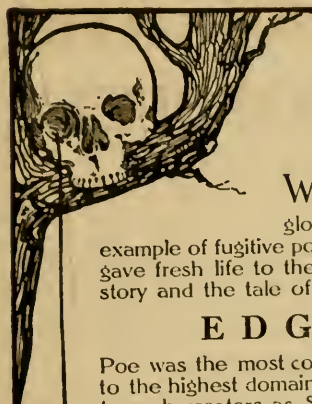
When questioned concerning his health and the remarkable change in his appearance, Dr. Turner said that neither illness, medicines, starvation dieting, nor strenuous exercise had caused him to lose so much excess weight. In fact he said that fatty degeneration had eaten into his vital organs to such an extent that it would have been foolhardy to even attempt the usual methods of reduction, and he was forced to seek other means of escape from his former terrible condition.

On being questioned further the Doctor said: "When I began to feel the stuffy, cramped feeling inside, which, as a physician, I recognized as the first tell-tale symptoms of fatty degeneration, and when my heart pounded and throbbed at times so it shook my whole body and seemed about to burst, I knew from these warnings that the end was approaching very rapidly, although the examining physician of a large Life Insurance Company, when refusing point blank to accept me as a risk, had already told me I was likely to drop dead any minute. I tried every means of reduction known to medical science, but without the slightest relief. I then became desperate and began to use all the advertised treatments I had ever heard of. These not only failed to help me, but they did considerable harm, one nearly causing my death on account of the powerful drugs it contained. Although a physician, I am strongly opposed to the use of drugs in treating obesity. I have never known a case where they did anything but harm when used for this purpose. There are also treatments put on the market by persons who are without a physician's training, and I firmly believe that if I had continued one or two of the methods recommended by these ignorant, so-called advertising 'specialists' I would now be in my grave.

"My discovery came about during my trip and in this way: When seeking data for some literary work, I found a reference to the manner in which the Japanese were said to easily overcome any tendency to take on superfluous flesh. It was easily apparent from observation that the Japs are comparatively heavy eaters and that their diet consists largely of rice, the most starchy and therefore the most fat forming of all grains. I had often wondered why, in spite of these facts, the natives of Japan both men and women, always present such a slender, trim, neat appearance. Although corsets are rare in that country, the women there have beautiful figures that any American woman might well envy, and the Japanese men have strength and powers of endurance that are proverbial. After diligent inquiry about the cause of this, I became more than ever convinced that they were using there in Japan methods of fat reduction and fat prevention far in advance of anything known to medical science in this country. As the finding of such a method was a matter of life or death to me at that time, I consulted numerous authorities and set about asking questions of those who would be likely to know anything about it. I am glad to say that my untiring efforts were finally rewarded by the discovery of a new means of fat reduction that I determined to give a short trial immediately. I was fairly startled to behold the wonderful change it made in my appearance, and the improvement in my health that was noticeable from the very first. My fat began to vanish at the rate of one pound a day, sometimes more. I knew I had at last discovered the secret that had been vainly sought for years, and I continued the treatment until I had lost more than 100 pounds in weight. I became stronger with every pound I lost, and soon regained all my old time vigor of both body and mind. It made me feel twenty years younger to be rid of all the fat that had formed inside and outside of my body. After discontinuing the treatment and keeping a careful record of my weight for more than two months, I was delighted to find that reduction was permanent, nor has my fat shown the slightest tendency to return since then.

"Can you imagine my ecstasies of joy and inexpressible relief, the tremendous load that was lifted from my mind, when after all my suffering I discovered almost by accident this wonderful secret method that enabled me to rid myself of 100 pounds of fat, and which transformed me from a hopeless, helpless wreck into a perfect specimen of physical manhood again? I have now been gladly accepted by the same large insurance company that previously rejected me."

Dr. Turner then went on to explain the treatment he discovered, and while anyone must admit that it is a highly logical method and undoubtedly effective to a wonderful degree, yet it is so simple that even a child can understand it and obtain most satisfactory results. Surely no stout person need any longer feel that he or she must remain fat now. Lack of space prevents a full description of the entire method here, but Dr. Turner has described it in a handsomely bound and extremely interesting little booklet entitled "How I Reduced My Weight 100 Pounds," and by special arrangement with the Doctor we are able to announce that these valuable booklets, while they last, are to be distributed absolutely free to those of our stout readers who are sufficiently interested to send a two-cent stamp for postage. The books are sent in plain wrapping, and we are told that there are about 1,000 left. When these are gone, the Doctor may not have any more printed for some time, as he is planning another long trip, and will probably have no time to give the matter attention again until he returns. The Doctor's address is F. Turner, M. D., Suite 125-B Clark Building, Syracuse, N. Y., and any requests sent there during the next few days will be given prompt attention. We urgently advise all of our stout readers to obtain this wonderful book and begin reducing weight immediately, as such an opportunity as this may never present itself again.



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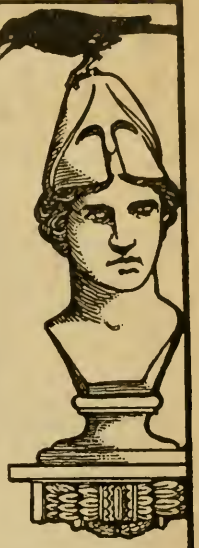

WE will wager that you have no complete set of the works of the man whom Lord Tennyson called "the literary glory of America"—the man who wrote the most effective example of fugitive poetry ever published in the United States—the man who gave fresh life to the "short story"—the man who invented the detective story and the tale of mystery—America's first real critic:

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Poe was the most cosmopolitan of American writers. His best work belongs to the highest domain of art. His stories have admittedly served as models to such creators as Sir Conan Doyle, and some of his verse is not excelled by any in our languange for music and imagination. His strong originality, his firm, fine touch, and his sombre, yet beautiful, temperament, combine to throw a spell over his readers and, as it were, transport them to another world.

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The following are only a few of the many excellent articles which will appear in **THE LYCEUM WORLD** during the coming year. For the last twelve months **THE LYCEUM WORLD** has continued to issue larger editions each month, and every month the supply was exhausted, and orders rejected, before the magazine was off the press fifteen days. NO BACK NUMBERS SUPPLIED. These articles cost the magazine thousands of dollars, and during 1912 the subscription list is expected to grow faster than ever before.

THE DICKENS CENTENARY YEAR ARTICLES

1912 is the year when every intelligent person will want to know more than ever the influence of Dickens. Miss Veronica Freitag, the gifted public reader and interpreter of Dickens, has prepared a series of articls that cover almost every phase of the literary career, the character of his novels, the influence of his work, and the importance of Dickens. She has given the study such earnest attention that she has felt a marked change in her own personal character. Send for complete list of these articles.

"THE EVOLUTION OF SUCCESS"

Thousands have heard Dr. Earl Douglass Holtz lecture on "Grit, Grip and Gumption." Many thousands have desired that this student of what really leads to success in life might write a series of articles, so plain, so sound, so interesting, and withal so practical, that benefit must come to all who follow the laws explained. **THE LYCEUM WORLD** is happy to announce that Dr. Holtz has prepared a series of articles exclusively for this magazine on "The Evolution of Success," in which enough practical advice is given and entertainment furnished to pay any subscriber who sends $1.00 for twelve copies. Young folks and older ones, too, should read this series.

"THE WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE"

The Most Remarkable Shakespearean Articles of the Year.

It is with more than ordinary pleasure that **THE LYCEUM WORLD** announces that it has just secured the services of that great Shakespearean scholar and lecturer, Mr. Truman Joseph Spencer, who will prepare a series of articles on "WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE," which will run for about one year in the columns of **THE LYCEUM WORLD.** This remarkable series should not be missed by those who want the very best discussions on the great characters which Shakespeare presents in his works. Shakespeare's delineation of the different phases of womanhood, including sweetheart, wife, daughter, sister, mother, friend, etc., is among the most remarkable in literature. Among others, the following topics will be handled by this great writer:

CORDELIA, the loving daughter.
OPHELIA, the Rose of May.
DESDEMONA, the love that outlived death.
IMOGEN, the woman of perfect balance.
HERMONIE and KATHARINE, wronged yet true.
CATO'S DAUGHTER, wife to Brutus.
CONSTANCE and VOLUMNIA, Shakespeare's great mothers.
ISABELLA, the saintly sister.

HOW TO SUCCEED AS A LECTURER

The above is the subject that will be discussed in a most thorough manner in a series of articles by one of the most able writers and teachers of English at the Speech Arts, Miss Christabel Abbott, Ph.B., B.L.I., at present in charge of the department of English and Oratory, at the State Normal School, Geneseo, N. Y

All who desire to make a success of their lecture work, and all public speakers interested in securing the best results through public speaking, should be sure to read these articles. Miss Abbott took special instruction in the art of lecturing, and has for several years past consulted with the best teachers, in order to secure reliable and helpful information, and the results of her study will be given in these articles. **THE LYCEUM WORLD** is the only magazine that will publish these articles. Those who desire to have the full series must subscribe early, for no back numbers can be furnished. One article a month will appear for ten to twelve months, and among the subjects discussed are the following:

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3. THE LECTURE ITSELF.
4. THE MANNER OF DELIVERY.
5. THE AUDIENCE.

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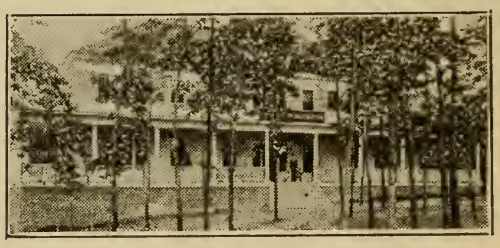

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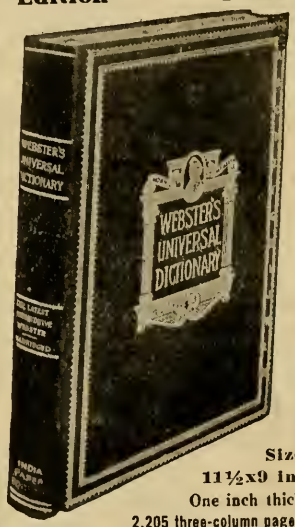

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This Is the Way in Which a True-Hearted American Answers a Bigoted, Intolerant Roman Catholic.

Indianapolis, Ind., April 2, 1912.

Mr. J. Wagner, Burlington, Kans.:

Dear Sir:—As an employe in the office of this city, I came across your letter of the 23rd ult., regarding the advertisement of Watson's Magazine.

Understand, please, that this reply is from me PERSONALLY, and has no connection with the paper in the slightest as reflecting the opinion of its editor; nor does it indicate in anyway whatsoever the policy of this paper. Your letter simply inspires me to place on paper a few words that I hope may reach your eyes.

In the first place, let me say that I fail to see your reason for objecting to the distribution of such a book as Mr. Watson offers. Do you mean to say it is based on false premises? Then why do you oppose its sale? If it's false, it will go the way of all such spurious literature, run its short course and carry the author in its downfall. If it's false, and you are serious in your opposition to such attacks and the contents of the book are "not fit to be thrown to a pauen of hogs," your best course, as your own good judgment should suggest, would be to trust in the intelligence of the American people, who certainly will not put much faith in a book of this low standard.

But if it is true———

Ah, methinks I see the place the shoe pinches!

You lead me to think the book is an exposition, as is claimed. No doubt it reaches at the very fangs of the "Hierarchy" and you and other members of the church are trying by such contemptible methods as this to smother the fearless man, bold enough to defy the thirteen million Catholics, good and otherwise, in this country.

The constitution guarantees to all free speech and the liberty of the press, but you and your infernal organization would strike beneath this broad belt of protection, and by your foul methods throttle free speech and destroy the enemy of your church.

Your letter is only an added proof of all Mr. Watson claims. It reflects the attitude of the Catholic church for the past centuries. It grows only in the dark; like the copperhead, it hides in the weeds of ignorance and fears the sunshine of truth.

Here's the very point:

You fear Mr. Watson, his exposition of your silly chants, superstitious rites, your dark and dangerous plots to force upon the American people your Satanic religion. If you had the power, you would burn him at the stake as you burned Bruno; you would imprison him as you imprisoned Copernicus—brave men whose science plunged into the Roman rituals the brightening wedge of doubt—you would slay him as you have slain thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands of your brother men in every continent on the face of the earth who dared to look you in your brutal eye and tell you the truth of your cruel deeds, and to hold up to the world your hands reeking with the blood of humanity.

But, Mr. Wagner, those days of absolutism have past forever. In America, at least, it dares not shed its sheepskin cloak and show the growling wolf beneath. The schools so long beneath the thumb of Rome are free, thank God, and knowledge casts hierarchy to the winds! Nevermore can a white-robed man in Rome, by lifting his hand, force upon this people his own peculiar ideas as to dress and the performance of daily acts.

The Church of Rome is weakening. This is true despite what may be shown by Roman figures. As true as sunlight destroys the mold, the light of reason is steadily erasing all papal power. You are the member of a doomed church! Each year marks the receding claws. Soon 'twill be only a memory, a dark and bloody blot upon the conscience of mankind, longed to be forgotten by generations to come!

Speaking for myself, I would be glad to cancel your subscription to a paper of mine. A human being so prejudiced as to see only his own church, so egotistical as to believe himself alone in the right, so bigoted as to seek to stifle all adverse thought, can be of little value to this world. I would gladly cut that name from off my list and in its stead produce that brief and most expressive phrase:

"GOOD RIDDANCE TO BAD RUBBISH."

Yours very truly, CLAUDE PALMER.

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